The New Statesman and Nation, June 23, 1951

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

SUMMER BOOKS

Vol. XLI. No. 1059 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1951 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Show-down in Persia

THE hysterical demand for a "showdown with Persia" will grow louder as the nation begins to appreciate the extent of the loss we have suffered at Abadan. Especially when his jingoism is deliberately aroused by Conservative spokesmen, the man in the street finds it difficult to understand why nothing can be done to protect our most valuable foreign asset from confiscation by a government incapable either of running it efficiently or of distributing the wealth it produces to the Persian people. Angrily he asks why the military might of Britain cannot be brought to bear.

Mr. Morrison's difficulty is that he cannot bring himself to give a candid answer to this question. Yet that answer is obvious enough. Persia—as we reminded the Russians very forcibly in 1946, when they refused to withdraw their troops from Azerbaijan—is an independent nation and not a colony of the Great Powers. The Teheran Government, therefore, has a legal right to nationalise the production of oil and an indubitable moral right to abrogate the 1933 concession, which surrendered a vital part of Persian sovereignty for a period of sixty years. For its part, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, as the concessionaire (and the British Government, its chief shareholder) can reasonably dispute the fairness and legality of Dr. Moussadek's particular proposals, and they are entitled to refuse to work the concession so long as the Persians refuse to negotiate. But the one action which neither expediency nor international law could conceivably justify would be a resort to military force. Mr. Morrison can send troops to Southern Persia to cover the evacuation of British personnel if the Persian army and police fail to give them effective protection. What he cannot do is to occupy Southern Persia in order to protect the oilfields. If he tried to do so, the Persian army and police would certainly offer sufficient resistance to cause a state of war, and a general strike of the oil workers would at once paralyse production. Then the Persian Government would appeal to the United Nations. With the Russian bloc, the Moslem bloc and the Latin-American bloc all united in her support, and the U.S.A. an embarrassed neutral, we could reckon only on the votes of a handful of European and Commonwealth countries. Within a few days of the commencement of military operations, we should be ordered, either by the Security Council or by the Assembly, to withdraw; and the Government would be faced with the alternative of humbly complying or being branded an aggressor.

The fact that Mr. Morrison has an overwhelming case against the Conservative advocates of military action does not mean that the Labour Government is free from blame. The origins of the calamity which we are suffering in Abadan—and it *is* a calamity—are, first, the failure of the Government to negotiate a new agreement in 1946, and secondly, the extraordinary inertia of the Foreign Office since the assassination of General Razmara last March. Even as late as April, a wholehearted acceptance of the Persian right to nationalise the industry, accompanied by the sending of a top-level Cabinet mission to Teheran, might have saved the situation. Instead, the Foreign Secretary showed a Micawberite determination to hang on in the hope of something turning up. As a result, the last chance of negotiation was lost.

The blunt fact is that the terms on which Anglo-Iranian has been operating (not unlike some concerns in Malaya) are a complete anachronism in the modern world. Honourably managed by business standards, and with an enlightened policy towards its own workers, Anglo-Iranian has extorted a fantastic rate of profit. It is reckoned, for instance, that the Company has already recouped itself fully on the whole of its vast capital investment in Persia; and the dimensions of its profits can be judged from the fact that the British Government has benefited each year by taxing them to the tune of about £18,000,000.

How different things would have looked if the Labour Government had applied Socialist principles! If we had drastically scaled down the rate of profit; if we had separated the Persian activities of Anglo-Iranian from the rest of its world-wide organisation and given 50 per cent. representation on the Board to Persians; if we had negotiated a trade agreement ensuring a supply of capital equipment and consumer goods to the Persian people—if we had done all this freely and before we were compelled to do so, there is no reason to believe that Dr. Moussadek would now be in power and demanding outright confiscation. Instead, we preferred to make hay while the sun shone; and now we are indignant because the rains have come.

Even now, we believe that Mr. Morrison is showing a stubborn refusal to face reality. Since military occupation is out of the question, the

only sensible course would, in our view, be to accept in principle Dr. Moussadek's extravagant demands and to see if we can negotiate some improvement in the 25 per cent. of the profits which he offers as compensation. Instead, the British mission has been recalled. We are apparently prepared to break off negotiations, even if we have to shut down operations at Abadan and withhold our tankers. Those who approve this course, however, should remember what happened in the 1930s, when the Mexican government confiscated the British and American oil companies and similar reprisals were instituted in order to bring it to heel. Nine years passed, during which no oil was exported from Mexico. It was only after the end of the war that an agreement was reached between the companies and the Mexican government. Since Mexican oil formed a tiny percentage of the New World's oil resources, this deadlock scarcely mattered to the U.S.A. We cannot afford to be so high-handed in Persia, or to wait so long. What matters is not the rate of profit on Persian oil, but that it should flow into Western Europe and into the Indian sub-continent. And, if we have to pay through the nose for it, the Socialist can console himself with the thought that this is the result of a Labour Government accepting the ethics of the oil industry in its relations with a backward people.

In the Carpet-bag

After a very brief return visit to London, Mr. John Foster Dulles is back in Washington with a draft Japanese Peace Treaty, about the terms of which, it is announced, "full Anglo-American agreement" has "in substance" been reached. No details of the draft have yet been officially published, either in London or Washington; and it is no doubt correct procedure on the part of the Foreign Office that the terms should be regarded as confidential until they have been formally "reported back" by Mr. Dulles to the President. We trust, however, that Mr. Morrison appreciates how important it is that both Parliament and the public in this country should be acquainted as soon as possible with the commitments he has provisionally made in their name. The diplomatic correspondents of responsible newspapers, both here and in the U.S., appear to be unanimous in believing that Britain has acquiesced in the famous "compromise," to whose serious objections we drew attention last week; under it, the Treaty would be ratified, in the first instance, by Japan and the Western belligerents other than the U.S.S.R., and would then be signed, if the Japanese Government so desired, by Chiang Kai-shek. By this ingenious device it is apparently hoped that Britain may be induced indirectly to recognise Chiang as the legitimate ruler of China and repudiate its whole stand for peace and honesty in the Far East. No one would be deceived here or in America, where the MacArthurites would rejoice that Mr. Morrison, like Mr. Acheson, is on the skids towards unconditional surrender.

Disagreement at Long Range

The Palais Rose has now become a sort of political air-raid shelter in which the Foreign Ministers' deputies are taking cover while Notes, exchanged between Moscow and the West, whistle over their heads. The latest projectile directed at the Kremlin reflects a remarkable change of attitude on the part of the Western Powers. The Russians' bland expression of perfect willingness to have an immediate meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers, provided that discussion of the North Atlantic Treaty were not excluded from the agenda, had placed them in a tactical difficulty: rejection of this offer could be exploited by Moscow propagandists as a confession by the U.S., Britain and France that they were unwilling to discuss any reduction of armaments on their side. Hence, after ten days' deliberation, the Western Powers, in identical Notes, have proposed, in effect, that the Foreign Ministers should meet without any agenda at all, and that on this basis they should seek simply "to reduce the existing tension in Europe." Since the Western delegates in the Paris talks had been insisting for the past three months that it would be futile for the Foreign Ministers to meet if their conference were to be a mere comprehensive slanging match in general terms, and that this could be avoided only if they met with a precise and unambiguously worded agenda, the latest Western Note strikes us as an attempt to gain a tactical advantage at the cost of logic and common sense. Escape from an awkward position is made no easier for the West by the Russian rejoinder—an offer to discuss their own military alliances as well as N.A.T.O. How to dodge the odium of "breaking off" discussions which have become futile? That is the embarrassing problem which preoccupies both sides.

Resale Price Maintenance

The Government White Paper (Cmd. 8274), published this week, on Resale Price Maintenance is a model of lucid, cogent argument and is a clear statement of policy which could be implemented even in the present strangulated Parliament. It is now more than two years since the Committee presided over by Mr. Justice Lloyd Jacob produced an exhaustive report on the subject, condemning most of the activities of the trade associations in this field and recommending that collective agreements to fix minimum prices should be made illegal. The new White Paper summarises in language intelligible to laymen the arguments of the Lloyd Jacob Committee and goes on to argue with, it seems to us, impressive logical force that it would be impracticable and unsatisfactory to limit action to collective agreements and sanctions. The Government proposes to go further and make all Resale Price Maintenance illegal. It is no secret that the Labour Party regards this as a first-class political issue, appealing to the consumer and, by rousing the bitter opposition of many trade associations, compelling the Tories to go at least some way to defend practices which demonstrably help to keep the cost of living higher than it need be. We are sorry, therefore, to see from a speech by Mr. Walter Padley, M.P., last week that the powerful Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers are still committed to supporting—in the supposed interest of good working conditions—these highly restrictive practices. This attitude takes no account of the economics of the Welfare State or of the beneficial consequences of full employment, and in the long run can only damage the interests of the shop workers.

Engineers in Conference

Mr. Jack Tanner opened the proceedings at the A.E.U. Conference with an address that reflected the widespread uneasiness among trade unionists about the effects of the rearmament programme. While promising the co-operation of the engineers in "providing the nation with adequate means of defence," he questioned "the wisdom of the extent and speed of the present programme" and stressed the danger of intensive rearmament actually strengthening world Communism on account of its adverse reactions on the standard of life. Mr. Tanner went on to demand statutory limitation of profits and dividends, drastic measures to control prices, and a fairer sharing of the fruits of increased productivity between owners, workers and consumers. He announced that the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions was engaged on a study designed to discover which branches of these industries should now be nationalised; and he linked this study to the idea of "taking the profit out of war" by bringing the production of armaments under public ownership.

Concluding his speech, Mr. Tanner staked out a strong claim for workers' participation in the control of the engineering industries, saying that "members of the A.E.U. have years and years of practical experience behind them and, given an opportunity, can show almost every management how to improve efficiency and achieve higher output." The Amalgamated Foundry Workers, in conference simultaneously with the Engineers, also heard their President, Mr. McDougall, denounce the vast profits now being made in engineering, and the contrast between these profits and the real earnings of the workers. It is clear that the demand for an additional 20s. per week will be pressed without delay: the engineering unions are in no mood to accept rising costs of living without higher wages to meet them. It is also apparent that the tide of criticism of the rearmament programme is rising as its implications in terms of reduced living standards begin to be understood.

French Assembly Swings Right

Our Paris Correspondent writes: "A hundred apiece"—which was the forecast I quoted in this paper a fortnight ago—has, in the main, come true: the flamboyant Gaullist meetings at the end of the campaign haven't made much difference. The Gaullists will be the biggest party in the Assembly, but they have failed to sweep France as they had hoped.

It was a sunny Sunday; polling went off quietly, and there were fewer abstentions than in 1946—16 per cent. as against 21. Anti-abstention slogans, taken up by almost the entire press, like "No vote is a vote for Stalin" must have had some effect and account, perhaps, more than anything else for the slight drop in the Communist poll from 28 per cent. to 26 per cent. of the total. But, as distinct from Italy, there has also been a slight drop in the actual number of Communist votes. With figures available at the moment, the Gaullist poll is just over 20 per cent.; thus these two extremes, while having nearly half of all the votes, will have only one-third of the seats in the new Assembly.

In the Paris area, where P.R. was in force, the Gaullists and Communists have each had about one-third of the total poll. But Paris is, of course, exceptional, and the same would not have happened throughout the country even without the *apparentements*. With them, the "parliamentary" parties have now a clear majority in the new Assembly. In one-third of the provincial constituencies the "associated" parties managed to get all the seats, and, as a result of it all, there will be (provisional figures) about 115 Gaullists, 100 Communists, 100 Socialists, 100 Rightists, and about 90 seats each for the M.R.P. and the Radicals. That the Communist vote was fairly static was generally recognised—only some peasants abandoned the C.P.—and the real importance of the election is in the reluctance shown by the electorate to give *carte blanche* to de Gaulle. If Paris is revolutionary in temperament, provincial France has, on the contrary, shown its preference for the *status quo*—such as it was.

On the face of it, 400 out of the 600-odd seats are a sufficiently sound basis for a democratic Government majority; but how coherent a majority can it possibly be? To be "associated" in an election was one thing, to form a Coalition Government is something different. The centre of gravity in the Assembly has shifted far to the Right; with the plain reactionaries, strongly representing the employer class, the highly conservative Radicals and the clerical wing of the M.R.P. predominating in any "democratic" majority, it is not easy to see either the progressive wing of the M.R.P. or the Socialists, despite their almost infinite capacity of working in *any* Coalition, feeling happy in such a team. The desire on the Right to curtail the social services and to scrap the nationalisations is bound, sooner or later, to come into conflict with the more progressive forces on the Left; there is also the conflict between the clericals and the anti-clericals.

Though, to de Gaulle, the election results are unsatisfactory, there may well arise a situation in which his 115 or 120 *compagnons* in the Assembly will be "accepted" as allies by the "Fourth Force" (the Right and most of the Radicals); and, with some of the M.R.P. joining in, there might well be formed a *different* majority—to which the Gaullists should be in a fairly good position to dictate terms. That is, if de Gaulle is not too proud. But his haughty rejection of *apparentements* in the election was a tactical mistake, and he may be less squeamish now about accepting the friendship pressed upon him by a nice bunch of conservatives. To try to clean up the financial mess will be the first task of the new Assembly; and disagreements are bound to arise right away.

The façade of democratic government has been saved by most of the voters' "safety first" mood and by de Gaulle's serious blunders; but the economic, financial and international problems remain the same. Meantime, however, everybody (except the Gaullists) is declaring himself pleased with the result—not least the Communists, who call their five million votes "a disaster for Truman."

It is not known whether Mr. Truman is much upset; the most one can say is that, with so much voting strength behind the 100 Communist seats, it is unlikely that the new Government will embark upon the "outlawing" of the Communists right away; to do that, it can no doubt afford to wait for strikes and other social unrest which, of course, are bound to come if nothing is done about the cost of living, and a fairer distribution of wealth in France. And it does not seem likely that the "Fourth Force," with its *laissez-faire* economics and its antipathy towards the "incorrigible" French working-class, will give these problems top priority.

PARLIAMENT: Prophet at a Loss

Wednesday

Fed on newsprint, the Churchill legend grows. Indefatigable and limitlessly resourceful, the G.O.M., it appears, can stay up all night and still beat the Government hollow when it comes to deploying parliamentary tactics. It would undoubtedly be a great achievement even for Mr. Churchill, if it were true. It is, however, the peculiar merit of legend that it need not necessarily have any relation with reality.

Hansard, more prosaically, reports that from midnight until the clock struck seven, Mr. Churchill was present in the Chamber for a little more than three-quarters of an hour—most of which he spent urging the House to give up and go to bed—and that he missed altogether the 2.15, the 5.23 and the 5.35 a.m. divisions. It is not known how he spent the rest of the night. He has a room, with a couch, in the Palace of Westminster. But it is a private room. And its door was kept closed.

It is also recorded in *Hansard* that the Prime Minister spent the night passing through lobbies with his Party. And that among his companions was Mr. David Logan. Mr. Attlee is only five years younger than Mr. Churchill and has, it might be imagined, somewhat heavier responsibilities. Mr. Logan is about five years older than Mr. Churchill and has no private retiring room or couch. Yet the press failed to notice them. Though that may be because, unlike the G.O.M., they do not find it so exhausting not to talk all the time.

Then as to tactics . . . To get agreement on Time on the Finance Bill is a triumph indeed for somebody. But for whom? The question is worth inquiry.

With an effective majority of four for the greater part of the Finance Bill, the Government's overriding strategic need was to get the Bill passed. If it fails to do so before July 4, its power of taxation ceases. Twice the Leader of the House offered to agree to a time-table. Twice the Leader of the Opposition declared he would have no bargains on a Finance Bill. His intention was clear. If the Government could not be defeated by division, it would be driven to exhaustion. If both these tactics failed, the Bill would be delayed until the power of taxation was lost. The Government and its supporters were to be given no rest.

Two hundred-odd amendments and eighty-four new clauses were added by the Tories to the Bill. Relays of Tory spokesmen took turns to carry out the attack and wear out the responsible Ministers. The Attorney-General was kept at the despatch box for 32 hours without respite, whilst the Opposition changed leaders no fewer than 17 times. Immaculately urbane to the end, Sir Frank raised his voice only to be heard more clearly, until Mr. Lyttelton again called halt. If the Opposition could not agree to a time-table, declared Mr. Ede, the all-night sittings would go on until the Bill was through. "No bargains," countered Mr. Churchill, as late as Wednesday afternoon.

By Wednesday night the bargain was struck. In return for a break from the endless sittings, the Opposition would permit passage of the Bill by the following Tuesday night. Since Mr. Churchill had been adamant against "an agreement on anything as important as the Finance Bill," it must be assumed that this one came about against his will and in the face of his opposition. Just how much against his will, the thunder of his face bore evidence.

Tom Williams

Un-British Activities

If it is said that the case of Mrs. Monica Felton is a bad case on which to fight the cause of civil liberty, the answer must be that issues of liberty must always be fought on bad cases. The enemy naturally chooses them to establish precedents. In this case, the fact that the affair of Mrs. Felton coincided with the disappearance of two Foreign Office diplomats has given the vulgar Tory press the basis for a campaign of slander and innuendo designed to smear the Left with the taint of treachery and discredit the Government and its supporters. A generally disreputable picture is built up of life in Bohemian circles, in which (it is implied) intellectuals, artists, poets, University graduates and Socialists flirt with un-British ideas and behaviour. They are all "Peking passengers"—a smear-word which covers anyone who is an opponent of MacArthurism. It is apparently disloyal even to suggest that rearmament may be carried too far. There is a general implication that cowardice and incompetence are leading the Government to tolerate traitors.

Clearly there are here two quite different issues. The Tory press tries to repeat the tactics of the Campbell case and the Zinoviev Letter, to link these individual instances in a general smear, just as it tried to link John Strachey with Klaus Fuchs. After all, such methods have been very successfully employed by the Hearst newspapers, Senator McCarthy and the sordid collection of witch-hunters who have staged such a successful *auto-da-fé* in the United States. Attention is first directed to some real breach of security or some alleged instance of subversion and treachery. Once popular excitement has been aroused, the scope of the hunt is widened. The principle of "guilt by association" is applied; the associates of the accused find their own records examined for evidence that they are either dupes of Communism or secret sympathisers with treachery. Finally the charges are so broadened as to imply that the Government itself is riddled with fellow-travellers or downright agents. This happened in the United States. Apparently there are Englishmen who are envious of this American achievement and hope that something similar can happen here. We may give one example of an attempt to launch a similar campaign in this country. Mr. Charles Taylor, in the Commons, was not content with demanding Mrs. Felton's prosecution for treason; he went on to say:

> During the past few months we have seen too many Communists posing as loyal members of the Socialist Party, and too many of these full-blooded Communists are holding prominent positions in the land.

The *Daily Express*, commenting upon Mrs. Felton's dismissal, said:

> There are many like her. . . . They sit in more important places—the Socialist benches of the House of Commons. . . . She has been far more outspoken than they have dared to be.

We shall be surprised if these tactics meet with much success in England. On the whole, the public appears to be intrigued rather than

outraged by the affair of Maclean and Burgess and is quite capable of dissociating the issue it arouses from the very different problems connected with Mrs. Felton's visit to Korea.

We must make the sharpest division between the folly of Mrs. Felton's actual conduct and the question whether she had the right to commit this folly. There are some who are so forgetful of British traditions that they even regard it as treachery for an English man or woman to support the cause of those who may be fighting against us. Mr. Gladstone was "disloyal": he said that Egyptian rebels against British arms "were rightly struggling to be free." Anyone who, like Emily Hobhouse in the Boer War, gave an unfavourable report of British use of concentration camps would be, on the basis of this argument, a traitor. We are not in this matter comparing Mrs. Felton's report with that of Emily Hobhouse. We are merely asserting that a British subject has the right to criticise the conduct of British and Allied troops in the field, and, if given a chance to visit the terrain, report on what he or she sees.

The comparison with Emily Hobhouse merely serves to expose Mrs. Felton's folly. She had a superb opportunity of striking a blow for international peace and common sense. An impartial report on the conduct of the war, both in North and South Korea, is desperately needed. There is independent evidence that much she has said is true. To the inevitable horrors of war the Koreans have added their own special brand of savagery. As for the behaviour of American and United Nations soldiers, Tom Hopkinson lost his job as Editor of *Picture Post* for trying to print the truth as James Cameron had seen it. Earlier a number of honest accounts of the horrors of the Korean war had appeared in American newspapers where such revelations, as a result of the witch-hunt, have now become unimaginable. By suggesting that all the atrocities are committed on one side, by apparently confusing the ghastly effect of napalm bombing with the cold-blooded burning to death of prisoners—the latter may have happened, but Mrs. Felton's report shows no discrimination—and by presenting the whole war in a broadcast from Moscow in the simple terms of Communist propaganda, Mrs. Felton has made much more difficult the task of bringing home to people the realities of this war and the necessity of ending it. The right reply should be, not to accuse her of treason, but to provide for an honest investigation of the war in South Korea and to demand of North Korea that it allow a similar inquiry by an impartial body which would include eminent persons from neutral and Asiatic countries. It is highly regrettable that the North Koreans, like the Japanese in the last war, have so far refused to allow the entry of the International Red Cross to their territory.

We return to the point that Mrs. Felton's may be a bad case but that it must certainly be fought. Whatever the allegations made against Mrs. Felton personally and politically, they do not disguise the fact that she is being used to make a Tory political stunt. She may be the bull's-eye of the target, but its inner ring is the whole Labour Movement and the outer ring—which is even more important—contains all those who continue to argue that nationalism is not enough, and that in the interests of truth the publication of exaggerations and even falsehoods must be permitted.

A Premature Federation

ANYONE who cares to make the most cursory study of the "political" map of Central Africa will not fail to be impressed by the waste and inefficiency of the imperial share-out. The late-Victorian Powers grabbed what they could, leaving to posterity the job of making sense of these arbitrary and unreasonable frontiers. They pushed their single-track railways to the few points on the map that were individually necessary to them: wherever they could—or thought it well—they undermined their neighbours' welfare by the good old cut-and-thrust of imperial competition. Africa was wide, and time was long: the future would look after itself. Beyond any doubt, one of the tasks which the future will have to perform is to rub out many of these frontiers and weld the territories of Central Africa into a sensible union.

In principle, at any rate, there is nothing but good sense in the desire of White communities in Central Africa to set about this task to-day. No national or traditional frontiers separate Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland and Southern Rhodesia: here and there, indeed, their present frontiers divide tribes in half. It would be better from almost every point of view if Portuguese East Africa, for example, could be added to the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, so that the inland territories might have access to the sea, and the coastal territory might acquire a hinterland. Since that is not practicable, there may be something to be said for uniting these British inland territories. The scheme now proposed by a conference of Colonial Office and Central African officials has at least the merit of being ingenious. It deserves careful attention.

Many reasons for desiring the closer association of these three British territories are given by the officials in their report (*Central African Territories: Report of Conference on Closer Association, March, 1951*). It would perhaps be asking too much that they should have listed the real reasons—the reasons which stir White opinion in all three territories and make it savagely critical of the "delaying tactics" of the Colonial Office. The officials speak of economic, strategic and administrative reasons for closer association; they urge moral and social motives; they dwell on the utterly unsatisfactory nature of the system of communications from which these three territories now suffer. But the reasons they leave out are more important than the reasons they put in.

The reasons they leave out are all variations on one theme. And it is this theme that is now inspiring the feverish formation of Settlers' Associations in Northern Rhodesia, that is urging the White settler cohorts of Southern Rhodesia into action, that stirs even the handful of White men and women who inhabit far Nyasaland. It is this theme that has brought Sir Godfrey Huggins and Mr. Roy Welensky time and again to London, and has inspired a long series of Central African conferences and meetings and demonstrations. It can be expressed in one sentence—"the Colonial Office is going too fast."

For the imperial conjuncture has operated differently in these territories. When Southern Rhodesia was granted self-government in 1922, the Imperial Government had little thought or care for the future of the Africans there. The constitution of 1923, true enough, reserved for the Secretary of State's approval all laws "whereby natives may be subjected or made liable to any conditions, disabilities, or restrictions to which persons of European descent are not also subjected or made liable." But there is no record of Whitehall ever having used this right to veto the laws which, step by step, have impelled Southern Rhodesia far on the road to that permanent racial segregation and exclusive White domination which is now wreaking such havoc farther to the South. The Africans of Southern Rhodesia were in no condition in 1923 to make their voices heard, and it is extremely unlikely that any of them, at that time, understood just what was being done to them.

Things have gone differently in Northern Rhodesia. The Imperial Government declared the paramountcy of African interests when it took over control from the British South Africa Company in 1924. In doing so, it found itself from the first in conflict with the majority of White settlers in the new Protectorate. This conflict grew acute in 1930, when Lord Passfield reasserted the doctrine of paramountcy. All through the Thirties the settlers of Northern Rhodesia, whose obscurantist views on African development seem to have differed, and to differ, in no essential way from those of their fellows in Southern Rhodesia, agitated for self-government either for themselves or through union with Southern Rhodesia. Feeling ran so high that a Royal Commission—the Bledisloe Commission—was appointed to inquire into the desirability of bringing these territories together.

Then came 1945. The White settlers already knew their Fabians—the label they use for a sneer at all liberal-minded Englishmen but with especial venom at the Fabian Colonial Bureau—and presently something like panic seems to have reigned. What sacrifices would a Labour Colonial policy possibly inflict on them? They closed their ranks and determined to fight in whatever way they could—and the centre of their fight has been for union with Southern Rhodesia. Seven years afterwards their fears have abated. The Colonial Office has not turned things upside-down, and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland are still substantially what they were.

Yet changes have occurred, and it is the direction of these changes—towards a raising of the African level of civilisation—which the White settlers fear and resent. Under Arthur Creech-Jones, the Colonial Office has set in motion a process of social and political expansion among the Africans which does the greatest credit to Labour policy. Nothing in Central Africa is likely to be of greater civilising and educative value to the Africans than the development of African trade unions which has taken

place in Northern Rhodesia during the last few years. Beginning in 1948 and 1949, African workers were encouraged by Government to form themselves into trade unions, and, with good official advice on the spot, they have seized this opportunity with both hands and with a zest and sense of responsibility which no serious observer can question. The Northern Rhodesian African Mineworkers' Union, to mention only the most important of several flourishing African trade unions, has made great gains. With a paid-up membership to-day of over 20,000 miners, it has engaged in tough collective bargaining with the copper-mining companies, and has succeeded in raising the wages of its members by an average of 75 per cent. in the last two years. To quote from the annual report for 1949 of the Labour and Mines Department at Lusaka, "throughout the preliminary and conciliation proceedings the Union officials conducted themselves in a responsible manner, showing high negotiating qualities, which earned them the compliments of the General Managers and the conciliator." This was an impressive tribute.

Another innovation in Northern Rhodesia which must also have highly beneficial and educative consequences for the Africans has been the introduction of agricultural producers' co-operatives, some of which are now working so well and so independently—once again with specific encouragement by Government—as to be able to employ European book-keepers until such time as they have enough trained men of their own. Some of these co-operatives, again, are developing consumer co-operative activities with a success which is nowhere else to be seen in Southern or Central Africa. For in Southern Rhodesia African trade unions are neither recognised nor encouraged: and it is the same with African co-operatives. While in Nyasaland official policy is to encourage the Africans to grow tobacco—which they are doing with much profit and success—in Southern Rhodesia they are specifically prohibited from cultivating this valuable crop. Along with these organisational benefits, the Africans of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland enjoy an altogether more humane and reasonable treatment than in Southern Rhodesia. It is not surprising that Africans in all these territories should vehemently and unanimously oppose any form of "closer association" at this stage.

To accept the plan for federal union that is now put forward, even while allowing for its safeguards in relation to African interests, would be to jeopardise and in all probability destroy the political, social and economic gains which Africans in the two Protectorates have achieved in the last few years. Such is the attitude of the great majority of the settlers in all three territories that federal union would certainly be used by them to reduce the Africans of the two Protectorates to the status of hopeless servitude which the Africans of Southern Rhodesia now occupy. The "reserved clauses" which are intended to guard African interests could scarcely be operative for more than a year or so. There is every reason to fear that "closer association," at this stage, could only stifle in their infancy those many hopeful reforms in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland which the Labour Government has initiated since 1945.

London Diary

NOTHING could better illustrate the confusion of British politics than the press reaction to the week-end speeches, in particular to Mr. Morrison's address to Yorkshire miners and the speeches of Mr. Strachey and Mr. Bevan at the Keir Hardie celebrations in Ayrshire. Since Mr. Strachey is still dogged by his past, he was assumed to be outlining a Left-wing policy in collaboration with Mr. Bevan; and the *News Chronicle* solemnly contrasted his extremist views with the healthy sanity of Mr. Morrison. Actually Mr. Strachey delivered a painstaking defence of gradualism, combined with a lengthy argument to show that nationalisation may not be the most effective way of suffusing industry with the spirit of Socialism. He seems to be consciously making himself the theoretician of the Right Wing of the Party, while seeking to conserve some Socialism in the programme, against those who would like to drop the idea altogether. Mr. Bevan, stimulated no doubt by the presence of Mr. Strachey on the same platform, permitted himself a dig at the top-drawer leadership in contrast with those reliable leaders who rise "vertically" from the working class; and the press eagerly seized on this as a sign of what the Left Wing are seeking. If the Labour Party is to be split into vertical and horizontal men, Mr. Bevan will find himself in strange company, aligned with Mr. Morrison, Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Ness Edwards against not only Mr. Gaitskell and Lord Pakenham, but nearly all of his own Parliamentary supporters. Which only shows how embarrassing it is when the impromptus of an open-air meeting are preserved in cold print.

* * *

For over two years the Fabian Society has been doing some hard thinking about the revision of Socialist theory. As a sort of interim report, six pamphlets on the theme "Socialist values in a changing world" were published this Spring, and they are now being discussed rather pompously in the correspondence columns of *The Times*. Though most of the letter writers seem to imagine that these Fabian essays have some connection with the controversy between Bevanites and Morrisonians, this is not the case. Serious long-term research can never offer any immediate aid to the politician in search for a formula of electoral victory, and those who argue that what Mr. Attlee needs is a packet of bright, new ideas which can be borrowed from the Fabians are doing the Labour Party a grave disservice. What is needed just now to restore its fortunes is not more thinking about new Socialist theory but more will-power in carrying out accepted Socialist policies. When Mr. Bevan and his friends publish their pamphlet this July I shall be very surprised if it contains any new nostrum or even the draft of an election programme. Mr. Bevan's task is to remind the Labour movement of the principles and convictions which governed Cabinet policy in the first five years after the war, and which are now being undermined by the inert acceptance of American demands for vast rearmament. Since the loss of Stafford Cripps and Ernest Bevin, the Cabinet has been gradually drained of personality. As someone unkindly remarked the other day, "Mr. Attlee could dismiss the whole lot, with the exception of Mr. Morrison, and no one in the Labour movement would feel the difference." The Cabinet is suffering from pernicious inertia. Unless it can regain the stomach for battle, the most carefully-contrived election programme is no cure for this particular disease.

* * *

Two African leaders, Kwame Nkrumah from the Gold Coast and Tschekedi Khama from Bechuanaland, have been in London at the same time. Nkrumah came as Prime Minister in fact if not in name (officially he is "Leader of Government Business") to discuss and negotiate with British Ministers. Tschekedi is an exile, banished by Britain from his tribal lands. Their respective treatment seems to illustrate the Mason-Dixon Line which runs through the Cabinet on African affairs, dividing the well-meaning "African" policy of the Colonial Office from the "European" policy of the Commonwealth Relations Office.

Only a few months ago, true enough, Nkrumah was in gaol as an "agitator," but neither he nor the Colonial Office, which laid down the red carpet for him, appear to feel any the worse for that; events have wiped the slate. Nkrumah, in any case, appears to be big enough to eschew recriminations. He combines self-confidence with a sense of humour and with personal modesty, which is a good deal more than can be said for many of his White colleagues in Africa. He hopes to develop his Convention People's Party as an educative, as well as a political force. Its persuasive powers, he thinks, will succeed in getting diseased cocoa trees cut down—a process that is urgently necessary in the Gold Coast—and will give fresh impulse to the literacy campaign.

The Commonwealth Relations Office might do well to harken a little more attentively to West Africa instead of South Africa. Mr. Gordon Walker's reasons for keeping Tschekedi Khama in banishment are unconvincing enough to British eyes: to most Africans, I suspect, they seem no more than poor pretexts for racial discrimination against a strong and independent-minded chief. There is no doubt of Tschekedi's ability. That was conceded when Mr. Gordon-Walker proposed that Tschekedi might become an economic adviser on the High Commissioner's Territories. But the policy seems to be to represent him, in deference to Dr. Malan, as an irresponsible nuisance. It is a sorry story, which shows the Commonwealth Relations Office in a very bad light.

* * *

One of the last, if not the last, things written by Hamilton Fyfe must be the letter that he contributed to this journal on January 13 last. It ended with an earnest plea not to forget the numerous examples of war situations that have not led to war and a comment that common sense is not appeasement and that "sixty years' study of international affairs have convinced me that common sense invariably pays." This plea was a very proper end to a remarkable career which began when Fyfe joined *The Times* in 1889 and which took him through the whole range of journalism as reporter, sub-editor, dramatic critic, war and foreign correspondent,

and editor on several papers. He was editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Herald*. He first made his reputation on Northcliffe's *Mail* and scored a smash hit by an outspoken report of the retreat from Mons. After the First World War he switched violently over to the Labour side. I should say that his final judgment was that society is compounded of illusions which are deliberately fostered by the comfortable lest the masses should unseat them. An over-simple view? Yes, but there is more in it than it is usually considered polite to admit.

* * *

Everything that has happened since Critic last wrote about the affair of the Old Vic confirms his view that no principle was at stake, and that the trouble was a complex clash of personalities. Tyrone Guthrie's appointment makes one hope for at least a short reign of peace. He is a strong character with some of the rare, avuncular qualities which, Critic suggested, were really needed. Guthrie is very much respected, experienced, wise and patient. The only survivor from the old team is Mr. Hunt, and he will be second-in-command. Instead of five important persons countermanding each other's orders on the quarter-deck, there will only be two, one of whom will be indisputably captain.

* * *

In common, I suspect, with many NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers who turn first each week to the London Diary, I have groaned under the home-spun folk-lore of Mr. Park. It is not that I have disliked him; rather that I haven't believed in him. Every diarist is entitled to create a familiar through whom to express the notions which are too whimsical to stand on their own. But Mr. Park . . . he was, surely, too good to be true. I am, therefore, obliged to report an incident from a day recently spent with Critic in the garden over which the real Mr. Park presides. Mr. Park opined that the strawberries would do no good without more rain. Yes, there had been a lot of rain this spring, but the top-soil had dried out in the wind. Was there, then, an exceptional amount of wind this year? "This year," said Mr. Park, "and every year since the windmills were done away with." I expect I made some sign of surprise. Critic's eyebrows certainly arched in query. "Yes," said Mr. Park, defensively but dogmatically, "it stands to reason. Once you done away with the windmills, you got no more control over the wind." My salutations, Mr. Park. Critic, I apologise. FLAVUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Talking about the recent Festival rally in Hyde Park he declared: "The fault, if there is one, is with God Almighty who made women different from men. The very short surplices worried me a lot."—Speech by clergyman reported in *Reynolds News*. (Joan Bayley.)

When patrons leave after the last performance at a Brentwood, Essex, cinema, a girl will go alone into a seat in the stalls.

A coffin will rest on the next seat and an 80-minute horror film will begin to run.

If she sits through it she will win a prize—a book of ghost stories—from the cinema manager.—*Daily Graphic*. (Hugh B. P. Owen.)

A year ago——gave a B.B.C. broadcast on the difficulties of raising a large family. Yesterday, she was put on probation for two years for neglecting eight children.—*News Chronicle*. (M. O'C. Walshe.)

"Presents all that is best in English crime."—Book Advt. in the *Observer*. (G. Adcock.)

GOLDEN ARROW

The new Golden Arrow Train—Train of the Diplomat—Train of the Elegant.—*British Railways' Advertisement.*

Train of the diplomat
(Known by his Eden hat)
Train of the elegant,
  Train of the smart;
Train of the Pullman seat
Cushioned for the élite,
Famed for exclusiveness,
  Something apart.

Are British Railways wise
Widely to advertise
Social amenities,
  Travel de luxe?
Boat trains more popular
Leaving Victoria
Cater for passengers
  Going with Cooks.

Film-stars from Claridges
In reserved carriages,
Mink-dripping models and
  Persons of rank
Soon might be elbowed out,
Soon might be pushed about
By numbers travelling
  Just out of swank.

Bound for the Continent
Diplomats might resent
Contact with common men
  If plebs encroach.
Should not the common man
Ride in the luggage van,
Barred from the elegant
  Luxury coach?

No classless nonsense here!
Keep up the atmosphere!
Even though common men
  Can pay the fare.
Chased from their favourite haunt
Might not the elegant,
Might not the diplomat
  Travel by air?

SAGITTARIUS

The Gypsy Problem

I. ROMANIES AND MUMPERS.

SOMEWHERE between the humming, string-and-feathers tramp and the swarthy violinist with the flashing white teeth is the English gypsy; nearer, I should say, to the violinist, but not really playing a violin and with rather yellow teeth that don't flash. There are, I'm told, about 30,000 gypsies in Great Britain and a further 70,000 "camp-dwellers" who are not gypsies; but this is giving "gypsy," which has become a ferocious epithet only less explicit than thief, waster, and gutter-snipe, the original meaning that had no necessary association with larceny or vagrancy or the smell of the unwashed. The 30,000 are Romanies, with a language and a nomad tradition; the rest, variously described by more comfortably situated persons as squatters, mumpers, tramps, hoboes and loafers, reflect a tragic housing situation.

Mr. Norman Dodds, as Labour M.P. for Dartford, Kent, has in his constituency at Belvedere Marshes, Erith, a vast encampment of about 1,600 people. Despite a shocking predominance of illiteracy, some of these people vote, and more of them are ready to regard a politician's question-and-answer meeting as a welcome diversion in the camp. So Mr. Dodds, lending a platform ear to their grievances, decided on the eccentric course of treating them as human beings. All they really wanted, they said, was to be left alone; but if no one to-day can expect to be left alone, could they not be told, when they were ejected from camping-grounds or "moved on" from roadside pitches, where they were to go? No one wanted them between the farming seasons, and the farmers only wanted them then because, in addition to being industrious pea-pickers or potato-pullers, they solved an annual labour problem for him by bringing their own housing. Even if they found a place where the ground landlord would allow them to camp more or less permanently, they were not left alone; either he had no licence from the local authority to allow camping, in which event they must move on after 42 days (and not come back for 48 hours); or, having a licence, he had acquired a camp-dwelling colony which all his neighbours were determined to disperse.

Mr. Norman Dodds assembled a committee of representative camp-dwellers—some Romanies, some not—and drew up a policy. First, there must be a camp-dwellers' census: no one knew how many there were, though it was known that the "genuine Romanies" had been greatly augmented since the war by a new legion of homeless poor; and no one knew which of them would want to remain mobile, settle in camps, or move into houses. Where necessary, camps must be provided, and supplied with water and sanitation. Lists of available jobs must be circulated among the camps, for those who wanted to settle down. And above all, the gypsies' children must be educated. With this plan, Mr. Dodds took his committee of outcasts, on May 10, 1951, to meet Mr. George Lindgren, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Local Government and Planning, in a committee room at the House.

I went to this meeting. We all sat round a long table while the gypsies told Mr. Lindgren of the persecution. You could almost hear the voice of George Borrow in *Romano Lavo-Lil*:

> Gypsyism is declining, and its days are numbered. There is a force abroad which is doomed to destroy it, a force which never sleepeth either by day or night, and which will not allow the Roman people rest for the soles of their feet. That force is the Rural Police which, had it been established at the commencement instead of towards the middle of the present century, would have put down Gypsyism long ago.

The gypsies, I learned, were honest, clean people . . . . Well, they were as honest as anyone else. They might pick up a stray chicken, much as any *Gorgio* would pick up a lost half-crown. Clean? If you denied them water you must allow their cleanliness to become relative. They were good citizens, they served their King and country in the wars, they loved and worked and sang, they were indispensable to the farmer, yet as an obstinately surviving minority race they were the scape-goats of the countryside. Mr. Lindgren listened intently to their spokesmen, thanked them for coming, told them their case would be sympathetically examined, and shook hands all round.

It is as well, sometimes, to look into these problems in a state of total ignorance. My own equipment, I suppose, was a rather woolly humanitarianism and a constantly worried awareness of the grotesque contrasts between romance and reality. I like to see the painted caravan in the sunlit field, the tethered horses and the sticky, healthy children, and feel that here is something

worth preserving as a reminder of all that we have lost in the course of our gains. I know that the true Romany is among the cleanest persons on earth, and that the unwashed who have been my neighbours in the bus have not, therefore, been true Romanies. I discovered that there were true Romanies to be met in a camp at St. Mary Cray, Kent.

My guide was Mr. William Larmour, member of the London City Mission, who has been a missionary to gypsies for over 20 years. He speaks their language, of which I know no single word except that I am a *Gorgio*; I was charmed by the lilting euphony of the scriptural texts which he translated to them (though, if his hearers were charmed too, they gave no sign of it). And because he has become a kind of unofficial liaison officer between the camp-dwellers and the various authorities who do nothing about them, it is obvious that he is completely accepted by them.

The St. Mary Cray camp is a depressing dump on a few acres of trodden-in coke dust round a couple of gasometers. Among heaps of rusty scrap-iron and builders' refuse are about sixty dwellings, including four-wheeled caravans of the traditional (or Emmett) build, smart two-wheeled trailer-caravans, converted single-deck buses, and shacks. They all have a letter-box, and the postman knows where each family lives. The whole enclosure, which is known as Corke's Meadow, is on ground that could serve no other purpose than industrial building—and this is precisely what the London County Council propose to do with it. A new housing estate is rapidly surrounding the "meadow," and the Council, who intend to establish at St. Mary Cray an industrial community with brand-new factories, want the "meadow" for factory sites. They are accordingly negotiating with Mr. Corke, who owns the place; and Mr. Corke, to whom each group of campers pays 5s. a week rent (reduced to 2s. 6d. while they are away on seasonal farm work), is well aware that negotiation with a local authority which has powers of compulsory acquisition is rather like getting married with a gun-barrel pressed into your back.

"There's not many gypsies in there," Mr. Corke told me. "They're mumpers. The real gypsies are no trouble to anyone, and anyway I can't control the way they go on outside. I fought the Crown about that in 1933. You ask anybody round here." Instead, I looked up the case of *Attorney-General v. Corke* (1933). "In bringing on to his land," said the High Court in that case, "for his own profit, a number of caravan dwellers, the defendant has put his land to an abnormal use and must be restrained by injunction from allowing such persons to commit nuisances on neighbouring lands. . . . If caravan dwellers are allowed to inhabit land, it is reasonable to expect offensive habits and a nuisance." But Mr. Corke has given them a piped water supply and sanitation, and not unnaturally they are stoutly on his side.

I was allowed into a large number of the dwellings and found an astonishing standard of cleanliness, coupled with an absolute uniformity of furnishing: small coal-burning ranges (or gas-cookers drawing gas from cylinders), masses of ornate china on every horizontal square inch of space, burnished copper pots and pans on the floors, lace-covered pillows and Witney blankets on the beds, innumerable photographs to belie the fable that gypsies shun the camera, and battery-operated radio sets—all silent, but all tuned ready for the Light Programme. "You see," said Mr. Larmour, "You could eat your food off the floor." Well, you could.

C. H. ROLPH.

Scandinavian Notes

SINCE my definition of a holiday is a period when one does not read newspapers, I heard little of the missing diplomats during my ten days in Sweden and Finland. A British official with whom I was dining in Helsinki was rung up to ask if he had news of MacLean and Burgess "doing a Pontecorvo" over the Finnish frontier. But apart from this and a few bits of gossip, I heard nothing. I only realised how grim the incident was when on my return journey from Stockholm I encountered a Very Important Foreign Office Personage with whom I have been on friendly terms for the last twenty-odd years. In all innocence I said: "I suppose I shall find quite a schemozzle about these two Foreign Office fellows, shan't I, when I get back to England?" He turned on me and barked: "I know nothing at all about it." A cornered rabbit could not have been more savage. He turned his back and we did not speak again, although we travelled by the same plane, the same buses, and sat in the same waiting rooms and douanes. My last illusion about the Foreign Office had gone. Hitherto, even under stress, Foreign Office Personages have always been very well mannered.

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It seemed odd, on first arrival in neutral Sweden, to find an impressive jet aircraft display taking place over and around Stockholm. And then one remembered that Sweden's neutrality is armed neutrality. It is 150 years since Sweden was at war, and everything that happened during 1939-1945 and since has confirmed the Swedish view that the best hope of survival for a small country is to maintain diplomatic independence and a sufficiently large force to offer serious resistance to any would-be invader. Therefore, most Swedes very much regret that Norway and Denmark rejected the proposed Scandinavian neutrality system, and preferred to become members of the Atlantic Pact. Norway, in their view, has endangered her own safety and that of her neighbours by allowing bases to be prepared for American bombers in case of war. Prominent Norwegians have recently been pointing out that, if fighting does begin, Russia will now be forced to destroy and occupy these bases, and that the Red Army is therefore more likely to move through Sweden. All this is earnestly debated in Stockholm to-day, in the serious and reasonable Swedish way. Whenever I talk to Swedes, I recall that less than two centuries ago they were fighting people; that they are, if one may say so without offence, Prussians who have become reasonable, peaceful, and civilised. They have not a great deal of humour, but they are immensely kind and cultured, and I should say the most "sensible" people in the world. But somewhere at the back of their minds is a memory of their military past. I always fancy, as I hear a Swede speak, that I detect a faint, spiritual heel-click in his voice.

* * *

Sweden's position is not as logical as Switzerland's. For Switzerland is not a U.N. member and is therefore not involved in such difficult decisions as whether she should vote that North Korea and China were aggressors. Sweden's difficulty was sharply illustrated recently when Professor Bertil Ohlin, leader of the Liberal opposition, urged that the Government should have voted for America's motion branding China and should have given nominal support to the embargo resolution. I sat with him on his sunny balcony, and discussed this point at length. He did not convince me, and he has failed to convince most other Swedes. To vote that China was an aggressor and to accept an embargo are dangerous steps towards accepting a naval blockade and a full-scale war with China, and Professor Ohlin is as definite as the Swedish Prime Minister that his country must remain neutral and not be involved in war. The only important influence in Sweden prepared to sacrifice Swedish neutrality is the Conservative daily paper *Dagens Nyheter*, which is very ably and forcibly edited by Professor Tingsten. I discussed the matter with him, too, and gathered that he does not think Russia is likely to attack in the West, but that the chances of her refraining from doing so, or of Sweden surviving in case of war, are improved if Sweden is part of N.A.T.O. Other Swedes I talked to hold that this view totally neglects the kernel of the argument. If, as experts seem to agree, Russia does not plan an early aggressive attack in the West—nothing but the extreme provocation of arming the Germans for the invasion of Russia would, in my view, now provoke such an attack—then the danger of war lies not in the present period when the Russians seek to forward their interests by pressure over their frontiers, but in a year or two's time, when the United States will be so highly armed that Americans will be confronted with the choice of finding an excuse to go to war or sinking their planes in Lake Michigan and demobilising their forces—psychologically as well as economically a more difficult proposition.

* * *

In Finland the argument is less complex. By treaty and necessity Finland cannot arm. Most Finns hate Russia, but hold that Norway's adherence to the Atlantic Pact was a mistake and Sweden's neutrality highly desirable. The differences in politics are between degrees of rudeness and politeness towards the Soviet Union. Finland was treated with unexpected leniency by the U.S.S.R., and she is now approaching the point when reparation payments come to an end. No one but a lunatic, Finns agree, would do anything to provoke the U.S.S.R.; equally, no one but a traitor would lick Stalin's boots. The criterion of action becomes whether it is too provocative on the one hand or too servile on the other. The Prime Minister, Leader of the Agrarian Party, which is traditionally only interested in the price of butter and eggs, is accused of being too much inclined to appease Moscow. On the day I arrived, Parliament had just passed a Bill which accepted the thesis that the League of Nations responsibility for the Aaland Islands could not be transferred to the present U.N. This seemed legally correct, though demanded by Moscow. At the same time, the Social Democrats announce that Mr. Tanner, the strong, anti-Soviet Prime Minister who was on good terms with the Germans in what the Finns call the "second war" against Russia (1941-45), is shortly to stand as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. He was imprisoned for his anti-Soviet activities for about a year after the war. I called to see him, and found him, as I expected, a tough and outspoken person. He showed me a copy of one of H. J. Laski's books which he had translated into Finnish while he was in prison, where he was, in fact, excellently treated. He recommended me a dose of prison as the only way in which I should get any time to finish a book on which I am engaged. He said quite bluntly that he intended to stand for Parliament even if the Russians do consider him to be Public Enemy No. 1, but that he would regard it as stupidly offensive to go into the Government even if he were given the chance. That summarises Finnish foreign politics fairly neatly. Every action has to be considered from the point of view of Fin-

nish dignity in relation to her huge neighbour. The Finns are perhaps the least frightened people in Europe. They have fought the Russians and know what war means. They would fight again, if compelled, but they do not court destruction, and they will not surrender their independence. They will live their own way of life trying, within the limits of dignity, not to be provocative.

* * *

In these Northern latitudes, the end of the dark, long and bitter winter comes with a violence and beauty that was once in the old, strict use of the word, "magical"; to-day it still maintains, even unconsciously, some religious significance. This year Spring was late in Scandinavia, as it was here. In the North the snow was reported to be only turning into mud early in June, and the country had a gaiety that in England we only associate with April. Flowers in Helsinki are treasured as in few other countries. One sees people spending the morning in the riotously coloured market place deciding whether to afford the high cost of half a dozen narcissi or the almost prohibitive price of a bunch of hot-house roses. Out of season I am told that people will save up to buy a single flower, and it is no doubt the almost desperate need of life and colour that leads to the charming custom of training creepers up the walls inside the houses.

* * *

I had heard, of course, like everyone else, of the famous birch baths of Finland. We have all been told how the tough Finns are washed and birched by women attendants after a sort of Turkish bath and of how they then cool off by rolling in the snow. I mentioned that I was disappointed not to have had one of these *sauna* baths while I was in Helsinki. Faces were horror-struck at the very idea of my leaving without taking part in this national ritual. Finally I bathed at a Social Democratic Club situated by the side of one of the hundreds of lakes that, linked by wooded islands and peninsulas, make up the Finnish countryside. I found the terrors of the heat much exaggerated and the plan of being baked, sluiced, washed like a baby from head to foot (by a comely middle-aged woman), bathed in the still very cold lake, and then repeating this cycle at intervals, quite as pleasant and much less painful than I had been told. After the bath the Finnish Social Democrats put me through a cross-examination about British policy in Persia and the intentions of Aneurin Bevan. I went home very clean, happy and feeling extremely fit. *Mens sana in corpore sauna.*

* * *

C. E. Montague's comment on an Englishman who was "two whiskeys below par" always provides me with a useful measuring rod. Assuming, as I think one should, that the French stand at par, I place the Italians at two Chiantis above. The Danes don't need any schnapps to remove their inhibitions, but both the Dutch and the Swiss I should put at six below par. The Norwegians, like the Scots, are about one whiskey more reserved than the English, while the Swedes really need an astonishing number of drinks to induce them to open up after a party. As if to make up for their menfolk's reserve, Swedish girls begin very well above par. The two mysterious nations are the Russians and the Finns. The Russians are outside calculation, because they oscillate above and below; the norm they abhor. I am also at a loss where to place the charming but melancholy Finns, since it is comparatively rare to meet a Finn with less than four schnapps and several bottles of beer inside him.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A Scape of Bandits

"Do you like rum?" asked the Amat's principal brother-in-law. He half filled a tumbler, topped it up with Mandalay Pale Ale and raised it invitingly. At this moment a Kachin serving-maid came in. She had black pigtails as thick as ship's hawsers and was carrying a handsome Chinese bowl. Bowing to the Amat across the table she put the bowl down. The Amat got up, reached over and plunged a huge, buckled aluminium spoon into the pickled tea-leaves it contained. "Eat tea," he said briefly. Although under Burmese suzerainty and recently created an official of the Union of Burma Government, it was clear that the Amat, with his cultivated impassivity, took his inspiration from Chinese models. A few minutes previously, before sitting down to breakfast, he had removed the ceremonial gown of faded silk and the high, plumed head-dress which he had worn to administer justice. Now he had assumed the anonymity of a plain khakhi coat and trousers. His principal brother-in-law, Seng, had none of the Amat's well-bred celestial reserve. He had just come back from Rangoon University, where the Burmese had transformed him with their geniality. Seng smiled continually. Life seen through Burmese eyes is a joke, even if a bad one.

Across the table from the Amat sat his chief wife, a rosy-cheeked Ludmila from the remote Asiatic mountains. Since by custom she was relieved from partaking of the Amat's high-minded seriousness, she was inclined to giggle, especially while refilling the bowls with ladlefuls of red rice, or with the assortment of sour, pickled herbs which are gathered on the mountain tops at auspicious lunar phases, and believed by the Kachins to possess both diatetic and magic qualities. Several members of the Amat's body-guard helped at table. They wore British battle-dresses, were bare-footed and had Lee-Enfield rifles slung on their backs. Attempting to bow deferentially whenever they passed their chieftain, they frequently allowed the ash from their cigars to fall into the food. In the intervals of serving they got down on their knees and played with the children, who came crawling through from the women's quarters. "The Amat," said Seng, in an aside, "is the father of his people. In Lower Burma any landless cultivator may ask the Government to give him ten acres of land. Here, my brother-in-law will say to a man who comes to him, 'take as much as you can work.' There are no land reforms necessary in our country. The Government must reform our minds by education. We Kachins only want to drink and fight."

The section of woven bamboo which served as a window had been removed so that we looked out over a splendid panorama. Only the trees known to be inhabited by spirits had been left standing in the valley, and their white trunks gleamed against the background of hills. The farther slopes were covered with jungle, which was gay and luminous, and the horizon was piled up with brilliant slag-heaps; the desolate mountains of Yunnan. Although the village itself was lost to sight in a fold of the terrain, the foreground was lively enough. A school had been built where the Amat could keep his eye on it, and at this moment an out-door class of schoolgirls were knees-bending and stretching; in no way incommoded, it seemed, by the tight *longyis* which reached half-way down their calves, or by the necessity of balancing their huge conical hats. Just below the window-opening a circle of soldiers were dancing round a long, rectangular frame, in which were suspended five gongs of different sizes. The gongs were beaten simultaneously by five clappers attached to a single bar which was operated by a lever, and the soldier who was working this contraption, as well as his fellows, had stripped to the waist, showing torsos densely tattooed with aggressive dragons. This sword-dance was a curious mixture of the *Ramayanna* posturing of South-East Asia, and the Polovtsian athletics of the Northern Steppes. There was a hint of effeminacy in the gestures, so often noticeable in such performances among warrior castes and societies. "Our people," Seng explained, "call upon the spirits to assist them before they fight. I do not believe that they need help, but they think that it is more polite to ask the spirits to come."

The first meal of the day, eaten at any time between dawn and three in the afternoon, and known throughout Burma as breakfast, was now over, and it was time for our expedition to begin. A band of Chinese Nationalists had been reported in a nearby hill village. They were part of a large force which had been recently defeated, south of Lashio, by the tanks and 'planes of the Burmese army. Wandering northwards, they had crossed and recrossed the frontier, starving in the wilderness of Western China and living precariously off the proceeds of brigandage in Burma. They were peasants, conscripted in the distant provinces of China, and as lost in the far West among the Shans, Kachins and the Palaungs of Yunnan as they were among the identical tribes of Eastern Burma. Most of their ammunition was used up, and they were leaderless and malaria-stricken. They had become human detritus; the helpless pawns of an historical process. "When the Communists stamp their feet," as the Amat expressed it, "these people run." The Amat had already decided that he would not even require his unique two-pounder gun.

Our troop was made up of about a score of men, mounted on ponies. Some of the soldiers carried Sten-guns as well as rifles, but the Amat and his brother-in-law, regarded by the tribesmen as bullet-proof, and generally speaking invulnerable, had felt obliged, for reasons of prestige, to arm themselves with swords alone. "If I do not carry this," said Seng doubtfully, "the Amat will think I have become soft. But I am rusty. I have lost the habit of the conventional strokes. Any Chinese will do better."

We trotted off down the slopes. None of the conventional aids, when applied, could influence my pony's course, but I was content that it should follow the rest in its steady, scrambling gait. In the village a group of Shan girls in swaggering Cossack hats scattered to avoid us, and a Chinese woman was pegging along on lotus feet. We shuffled on past the general store which sold Vaseline and liver-salts and plastic models of the Taj Mahal and towels with "good-morning" on them in English and Chinese. The Indian shopkeeper was outside flying a kite shaped like a fish, and big, glossy crows were hopping round his feet. It was four years since the last Englishman had passed through Nam Kaung but the language was still of some account. A flag flying outside one hovel said that it was the Hin Kee Opium and Liquor Company, and another flag advertised Doctor Tai Tin Tut's Garden of Sincere Dentistry. White opium poppies waved over the fields beyond the village, and among them, symbolically it seemed, were the village graves: mounds over which were raised miniature crystal palaces of waxed paper and bamboo for the temporary housing of the soul. In two years' time, at the end of the Government's five-year period of grace, the poppies would be destroyed.

The trail led up the mountain side. First came a Gurkha settlement, an incredible model dairy-farm, brilliantly green where the Gurkhas had conjured a growth of real grass from this sun-baked Burmese earth. The Gurkhas could defend themselves with rifle and kukri against all-comers, but the shy primitive Palaungs, whose villages were in the high jungles, carried only crossbows. It was in one of their villages which, according to the report, the Chinese had installed themselves. By the time we reached the place the Chinese had gone and the men were still in hiding. A few women came out of their huts. They wore beautifully woven jackets and trousers, and their mouths were disfigured with betel. One in three had a monstrous goitre; a shapeless mound of flesh which sometimes descended in folds to touch the chest. The Palaung women took us to a hut where two abandoned Chinese lay in the throes of fever. The Kachins tied their hands lightly and tried to thrust lighted cheroots between their lips.

It seemed that the Chinese had decamped in the direction of the border, and this opinion was strengthened in another Palaung village which had been ransacked by the retreating band only a few hours previously. From this point the trail ran downhill to a fording-place on the river Nam Mao which formed the frontier with China. The stream itself, when we reached the bank, was lost to view among the islands and sandbanks uncovered by the dry-season shrinkage of the waters. On this side were the jungles of Burma, and on the other, the bare mountains of Yunnan. The people on both banks belonged to the same tribes, speaking the same language, and they crossed the river freely to sell their produce in the five-day markets of both countries. "The actual border is in some dispute," Seng said. "Every year the river changes its course." The Kachins, it was clear, did not relish being checked by this purely political barrier.

Across the unseen water, a village could be made out, with the insect figures of humans and buffaloes moving among the huts. The question was, it seemed, whether the local militia, brother Shans and Kachins, were still in actual control, or whether Communist soldiers, who might be expected to have little appreciation of these regional problems, were quartered there. The Amat called up one of his riders from whose saddle hung a large gong. It was detached and beaten vigorously, thus sounding a well-recognised heraldic approach. After a few seconds the reply came; a bugle-call; practised, unwavering and definite. Seng shook his head, still smiling, but sadly now. A new, unsympathetic authority had announced its presence in a manner that showed that it would have no truck with beaters of tribal gongs. Still, if the bandits had indeed crossed over by this ford, the Amat could rest content. They would have been dealt with by now with the efficiency betokened by that flawless rendering of "Here Comes the Boys' Brigade." NORMAN LEWIS

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Cloth to Cue

I. STROUD *via* SOHO

THE price of good liquor being prohibitive, it is difficult to-day to pronounce on the practicability of reaching Birmingham by way of Beachy Head; but I report affirmatively that it is possible to arrive at Stroud by way of Soho—and, indeed, to proceed thence, almost full-circle, to Bow, E.3. Being by chance in Soho Square, I wondered idly where either Mr. Burroughes or Mr. Watts obtained that cloth, to cut which was, in my youth, a cardinal sin. Dissembling (as I hoped) my inability to buy even one leg of a billiard table, I entered No. 19 and made some discursive inquiries. I was answered politely and informatively; so, on an evening whose westering sun lit blindingly the buttercupped Cotswold, British Railways bore me past the derelict Thames-Severn canal, under the great hills and down through Brinscombe (where England's earliest hairpins were made) to that green and gold valley of Stroud which once throbbed with the hammers of many fullers' "stocks." There, sure enough, I found billiard cloth in the making.

It is anybody's guess when Stroud first became a centre for weaving and finishing woollen cloth. Some say that Flemish weavers were settled here by Edward III after the Ordinance of 1336 prescribed that no common person should wear foreign cloth; but it seems doubtful whether these immigrants spread much beyond East Anglia. Certainly, however, West of England cloth was being produced in quite a big way by the 16th Century. At Cam, where Hunt & Winterbotham's mill now turns out not only billiard cloth but the cloth for "dress" uniforms and Arab cloaks, fine worsteds, flannels and other fabrics, there is a record that, in 1532, a Gig and Fulling Mill—its function being to finish the products of cottage weavers—was leased for twenty-one years to Alice, wife of John Tyndale, tenant of Melksham Court and sib to the translater of the Bible. During the past century the industry dwindled in size. In 1860, there were over sixty mills in and around Stroud, weaving and finishing woollens and worsteds. But the fame of West of England broadcloth, which Charles I had commended so warmly to Rupert for his cavalry, was being challenged by Bradford's mass production, based on cheaper coal for power and bigger capital resources. Many of the Stroud concerns were too small to stand the strain, and to-day there are barely half a dozen mills—three of them financially grouped—in operation.

Yet it would be quite wrong to depict these survivors in the field of West of England weaving as a museum-piece remnant of a once thriving industry, or as engaged solely with such exotic specialities as cloth for billiard tables, tennis balls or His Majesty's Brigade of Guards. On the contrary, there is substantial production of a wide range of cloths, including Utility grades for both male and female attire. At Stonehouse, between Cam and Stroud, there is a fine mill dating from 1813, notable architecturally for the fact that it was one of the earliest examples of a prefabricated factory: as you enter the door, below the original oriole, you look down a vista of the cast-iron pillars and decorated arches round which the brickwork was built. Here, in a modern weaving shed, an enterprising young management has installed long lines of up-to-date Swiss automatic looms; and, with the factor of coal prices no longer so important in comparative production costs, this mill is, to all seeming, an active competitor to the West Riding. Not, I should say, precisely on Bradford's own terms: in West of England weaving there is still (and is this not an admirable thing?) a greater element of more leisured, fine craftsmanship.

At all stages of the process the hand of the expert is at work; and from the bale of raw wool to the finished article there is a lengthy series of separate operations. First, different wools are systematically mixed in a pack so as to give a blend which can be exactly repeated for standard qualities. Next, the wool is scoured with an alkali solution which has replaced the use of "sag"—collected in old days from nieghbouring villages at the price of a penny per pail plus sixpence for cartage. Then, unless the cloth is to be dyed in the piece, comes dying with chrome dyes and re-introduction of a little of the oil lost by scouring, to make the wool readily workable. There follow carding, spinning, the formation of the warp round rollers, the weaving of the weft into the warp and the mending by hand of flaws in the texture.

But this is only half the story. The "mended" cloth, which looks at this stage strangely coarse and loosely woven to the layman, has now got to be finished. It is first scoured, then put through an acid dye bath (unless it is woven of dyed yarn), then put through a "mill," soaked with water and soap, under pressures which give it a two-way shrink. The modern "mill"—successor to the "walkers" who trod the cloth and the later "stocks" whose great wooden hammers, operated by a water wheel, beat the cloth in a mixture of water and fuller's earth—works automatically but needs expert supervision if the required shrinkage, by length and width, is to be exact. Light flannel goes through the "mill" for two or three hours; billiard cloth, which is shrunk by no less than 50 per cent., may take two days or more in the mill.

After that, the cloth is stretched by tenterhooks on a great roller and passed through a dryer. Then, if we are talking of face-cloth, the Gig, with its brushes of Somerset-grown teazels, comes into play, until the nap is disciplined and ready for cutting by rollers which work somewhat in the manner of garden mowing-machines. Hence comes the smoothness of that green lawn—blue-green for the U.S. and Canada, olive-green for the rest of the world—on which cannons and losing hazards will one day be scored. (If you call it "baize" in Cam or Soho Square, you will deserve what is coming to you.) With a final pressing, the job—be it billiard cloth, Guardee's red or tropical worsteds for Brazilian millionaires—is done.

The inquisitive visitor leaves these mills round Stroud with a feeling that here is a centre of fine workmanship which deserves to thrive and prosper: it is a surviving piece of a worth-while Old England. Incidentally, he may have discovered that there are one or two elements in it which also belong to This England. For instance, why does the Brigade of Guards, with all the resources of modern chemistry at its disposal, still insist that its tunics shall be dyed with cochineal—a process as inefficient as it is costly? And what are we to say of the manufacturers of pianos? They require, for part of the "action," an especially hard cloth which, by custom, is dyed red. Such was its density that, until after World War I, dyeing in the piece left a white streak sandwiched in the cloth between its red upper and lower faces. Came the day when, with improved dyeing technique, the makers proudly despatched a consignment of this cloth dyed solidly right through. The protests from the piano makers were loud and bitter: the quality of essential hardness must have been sacrificed! No argu-

ment prevailed, so thenceforward and still to-day this cloth is dyed, with infinite pains, in such a way that the colour is not allowed completely to percolate the texture.

Such little matters, however, are not the serious preoccupation of the West of England weavers. Their chief headaches arise from the soaring cost of wool and the impact of Purchase Tax on their wares. Everything possible is being done to keep down production costs : one film emphasised to me that the pre-war ratio of processing costs to raw materials had been 60 : 40, and was now 25 : 75. There may be, as the advertisements say, " No substitute for wool," but it has become a terribly expensive commodity for the ultimate consumer. Billiard cloth to cover a table now costs a quite formidable sum ; and a good quality worsted suiting may retail at anything from £5 to £7 a yard. With prices thus increased by the inflated cost of raw materials, the incidence of a 66⅔ per cent. purchase tax, applied to a continuously rising wholesale price, becomes, of itself, inflationary. That at least was the parting message which I took back from Stroud on my journey to Bow which began in Soho Square. AYLMER VALLANCE

The Noble Ladies

THE day's dusty duty had been done, the last boat drawn up on the strand, and the sea-lochs that fringe the Western Ocean were dark. But in the white cottage the turf-fire glowed like a berry with never a hair of smoke on it, and the cricket, the " cock of the ashes," sang. Maybe it was gaiety that made us grave, for in Ireland life loves to throw a shadow.

" The wolf ! " said Peader, putting down his pint. " The wolf will never come to *my* door. He knows I'd drag him in and eat him."

" Tell me," said the Clareman, on the heels of the laugh, " about old Tadgh on the Corofin road."

" Dammit for a story," said Peader, " wasn't I in his kitchen one night, and a queer lonely old place it is, when all of a sudden he up and opened the door and let out a sort of whistle. May God send us a cause for wonder ! In came twenty weasels and sat themselves down by the fire. And if he didn't go round the bunch, stroking them down like cats. Then he gave another little sliver of a whistle, and one after one they all looped out of the house. *Na beainini uasail* —' the noble ladies ' eh ? A rich rare name for them. . . . "

" If talk was cloth you'd have the makings of an overcoat, Peader," said the Clareman. " All the same," he went on, " weasels are queer things. I remember when I was a lad of sixteen, going out one day with the gun, and seeing a rabbit in a field, sitting mesmerised with a weasel circling it. Well, a rabbit was a rabbit. It was worth one-and-six to me then, so I went over, knocked it on the head and picked it up. Off I went across the ditches, with the weasel after me, till I came to a big field. So I took my stand, fair in the middle of the field, just to see, and she began to circle and come in on me. ' I'll fix you my lady,' says I, and I sighted the gun—double-barrelled it was—on a spot some yards away. ' And,' says I to myself, ' when you come to *that* point, my dainty, you're a dead one ! ' Do you know what I did ? When she came to the spot I *threw* her the bloody rabbit ! "

" There's a power of cunning in that one," said Peader thoughtfully.

" Ay, I've seen death take man and beast," said I, " but I wonder what it's like to sit stock-still in the centre and feel it slowly wrapping itself round you like a mummy-cloth. Maybe ' feel ' is the wrong word. Is it some sort of anaesthesia ? " I turned to the quiet man beside me who had twice been sentenced to death during the " troubles."

" There's a sort of peace about knowing it's coming to you," said he gently. " I suppose you might call it paralysis. I once picked up a rabbit that was being circled by a weasel and I was surprised at the length of time it took for the rabbit to come back to life. It just couldn't be coaxed at first. In a way, that was something I knew. If you've sat in a cell for months and watched death weaving its circle round you, it comes as a terrible shock to be reprieved. It's hard to take it in at first. You don't want it. To waken up to life again is like opening a wound. Many a morning in Mexico I watched a file of prisoners going off to execution, and if you'd lifted any one of them out of the file and told him he was a free man, for sure and certain, he'd just have looked at you indifferently and walked on to his death."

" But isn't there," put in the Englishman, " a sense of release in being caught ? I was once trapped in a house that was being pin-pointed by accurate artillery fire. I could hear the shells falling so close that I knew the next one could only be a direct hit. Miraculously enough it never came. But, waiting for it, I had the most curious feeling of peace and detachment. All the tenseness went. It was like freedom. It was as if I didn't belong to myself. I was a spectator. Lifted out of myself."

" I'll never forget your other story," said I, " about the friend who fell over the six-hundred-foot cliff."

" It wasn't a friend," said he, looking at me quickly. " It was myself. The funny thing is that I shouted with fright the moment I went over the edge. But the fall itself was different. It seemed to take a long time, and I kept saying—as if I was watching myself—' now you're going to hit *this* piece of rock, or *that* patch of scree,' and so on. No, there wasn't any pain to it. Or any fear, just a sort of vivid interest and entire detachment. I've noticed since in a hunt, that the hare cries a few moments *before* she's caught. After that moment of fear, she sits down quietly and waits. It's the same, I suppose with people. All the holding, all the concentration on life, suddenly goes, and there's a great peace, a great letting-go and going-out of oneself. A *scattering* of oneself."

" That's a true word, alright," remarked Sean. " Once when I was doing a spot of underground work in Europe, I was caught and questioned by secret police. Now I knew very well that if they questioned me long enough, and if I kept on being tense and guarded and withholding, they'd be sure to pick the information out of my brain. So I stopped concentrating. I just sat still, looking at the room, and saying to myself—' That's a table—That's a chair !—That's a man !—That's a book !' and so on till I had scattered myself all over the place and there wasn't as much core or care left in me as would have watered a postage-stamp. And it worked. I didn't give anything away, for I'd nothing left to give away. There's nothing like scatter-brain-ing yourself when you are in a spot."

" Talking about scattering," I said, " reminds me of the poet Joseph Campbell. ' I have the swallow-mark,' he said. ' A wise man once showed it to me on my hand—and that means I must always be going journeys, whether in the flesh or the spirit or both.' ' The swallow-mark is on you,' says he. ' You will go wandering with the airs of the world. And you will cheat the Adversary himself, even though he drops his corroding drop on you.' "

" You know," said Peader, " there is always one swallow that visits every eave. And it's great luck for a man if he catches sight of that swallow." There was silence as we listened to the thin dark wind twining itself round the house like a skein of wool—or a weasel ?

W. R. RODGERS

The Arts and Entertainment

THE HOLLAND FESTIVAL

WHAT, another festival ! And abroad, too, as if there weren't enough of them at home ! I sympathise with the impatient reader; there are times when I long to see a concert billed as having positively no connection with any Festival whatsoever. But I had good reason for my journey across the North Sea. It was not only that Harwich is conveniently close to Aldeburgh; or that Amsterdam is one of the loveliest of European cities, possessing a great orchestra and a concert hall whose acoustics seem (to my ear) just about perfect. These were strong inducements; but there was another stronger still. *Jenufa* was in the programme.

Every critic has a bee or two buzzing in his bonnet, and readers of this column will be well aware that Leos Janacek is one of mine. It is too early to say whether the brave production of *Katya Kabanova* at Sadler's Wells will start an English vogue for Janacek; perhaps not, since it has been almost crushed out of existence by a hostile press. In Holland, however, they have a way of discovering the significance of composers while they are still outside the international canon; we have seen this happen with Mahler, and it seems to be happening just now with Janacek. The Sinfonietta and the *Missa Glagolskaya* have been given lately in Amsterdam, the latter several times; and the current Holland Festival (June 15-July 15) includes not only *Jenufa* but three more of Janacek's important works: the Violin Sonata, the *Diary of a Young Man who Vanished*, and the heroic Slavonic rhapsody, *Taras Bulba*, of which the Concertgebouw Orchestra gave a tremendous performance under Rafael Kubelik.

Much as I admire the muted, lyrical beauties of *Katya Kabanova*, I have no doubt, after the two recent English broadcasts and the fine Amsterdam production, that *Jenufa* is the Moravian composer's masterpiece. Certainly he had an affinity with Russian life and literature, as he showed also in *Taras Bulba* and the First String Quartet; but in *Jenufa* he found the ideal, *native* subject that he was never to find again: a drama of village life, closely anchored to reality, suffused with human tenderness and pity, and not without a strain of wild gaiety and humour. Gabriela Preissova's novel (on which the opera is based) doubtless has considerable merit, but much must also be allowed to the composer's remarkably skilful adaptation. It is a model of libretto writing: the moments for lyrical expansion are perfectly judged, and everything happens at the convincing speed—as in *Katya* it sometimes does not. The first act, in particular, so full of atmosphere and colour, is a brilliant piece of musical and dramatic craftsmanship; notice, as a single detail, how after each emotional climax the clatter of the mill-wheel, symbolised by the monotonous tick-tack of the xylophone, is allowed to make itself felt.

The characters, vividly differentiated by the musical language which they speak, and by the harmonic and orchestral framework with which they are surrounded, become intensely real to the spectator: the handsome, worthless, selfish and self-pitying Steva, who has seduced Jenufa; Jenufa herself, fundamentally good and serious (how captivating and unexpected is the little

episode with the shepherd boy whom she has taught to read), without rancour even when abandoned; and Jenufa's stern, proud, moralistic foster-mother (a Mauriac character), a person of consequence in the village, who is led by her pride, and also by her love for Jenufa, to murder the latter's baby. Best of all is the hero Laca, whose character is built up with a complexity and richness rare in opera, which is usually content with types; it is absorbing to watch his development from the irony and bitterness of his opening solo, through the jealous violence of his scene with Jenufa, to the revelation of the full depths of his nature in the final duet. There are few things in opera more moving than this duet, with its great melody unfurling in octaves on the violins above and against a pedal C held almost uninterruptedly, like an obstacle, for more than forty bars, until, when Jenufa is flooded with the sense of Laca's profound love and goodness of heart, the pedal note drops to B flat, as she soars into the magnificent phrase which crowns the work.

The opera is difficult to cast, with two important soprano roles, and two more for tenor; it is probably for that reason that Sadler's Wells chose the less obviously suitable *Katya*. Gré Brouwenstijn sang Jenufa with fine detail and lyrical amplitude, though there is an occasional sense of strain in her tone which suggests that she is working her voice too hard (in the present festival she is also singing Amelia in *Ballo* and Beethoven's Leonora, a heavy commitment). Lidy van der Veen grappled impressively with the big dramatic role of the foster-mother, and rose to considerable heights in her last scene. Jan van Mantgem acted well but lacked the voice to do justice to the role of Steva. Frans Vroons, singing splendidly, built the role of Laca into one of the most complete and telling operatic creations I can remember. The minor parts were excellently handled, and both Paul Pella (conductor) and Abraham van der Vies (producer) fully understood the meaning of the work. I should have liked a sharper accent and more precise playing at some points, and more vigorous singing from the chorus; but, as a whole, this *Jenufa* was a triumph for the young opera company who tackled it, a rare pleasure for the listener and a worthy inauguration of the well-planned Festival. There is one further performance, on July 13.

I heard two Dutch works: a sensitive and well-made, if not very striking, Symphony by Guillaume Landré (born 1905), and Willem Pijper's concise and captivating Piano Sonata of 1930, which was brilliantly played by Theo Bruins. At the present moment, performances are being given by our own Amadeus Quartet and by the English Opera Group.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

WITH big programmes and ambitious projects temporarily in abeyance I have taken the opportunity to listen to work broadcast in the regions or emanating from them like the Welsh production, *Alcock and Brown*, on the first non-stop transatlantic flight. In fact, *Alcock and Brown* had no specific regional interest and was rightly in the basic Home Service. It was, I thought, too long, which is another way of saying that the writing was patchy. Alcock and Brown themselves, perhaps inevitably, did not come alive until they were airborne, and that took them half an hour. Then the programme became very good indeed. The navigator Brown's narration was admirably taut writing, and there was a moment of real excitement: when the pilot Alcock lost his sense of balance in dense cloud and discovered, when he recovered it, that he was flying back towards America. In the flight sequence one did have the feeling of having got inside the aviators' skin.

The Midland programme on the life and work of Sir Oliver Lodge carried with it its own kind of difficulty, which was not, I think, surmounted. It is almost impossible, when presenting a portrait, so soon after his death, of a great and much-venerated public figure, not to fall into the piety of the official biographer; and when one listens to this type of programme one now has as one's standard those excellent programmes by Mr. Rodgers on Yeats and Joyce in which the obituarist's platitudes were triumphantly omitted. Mr. Impey's programme on Lodge had nothing like the freshness of these, and indeed it was hardly possible that it should have; for some reason, which greatly diminishes their interest, eminent scientists and university administrators have a dignity thrust upon them that is denied to poets and novelists. Accordingly, the reminiscences of Lodge by his friends and former students were largely conventional; they went to build up a public man of great dignity, but the interior man scarcely emerged at all. Yet there is a book of his in existence called *Raymond* that is surely revealing of about the most interesting aspect of him, his belief in spiritualism.

Most of the regions seem to be celebrating Festival year in much the same way, by presenting topographical and historical programmes on their principal counties and towns. I have heard North's *My County—Derbyshire*, by Mr. du Garde Peach, and West's *Bournemouth*, by Mr. Eric Hewins. Both were good in different ways. Mr. du Garde Peach's aim, as he said, was "to make you see", and he largely succeeded, partly through his own descriptive power and partly through interviews with local men, a High-Peak farmer, a shepherd on the training of sheep dogs, and so on. The dramatised episodes, such as the flight of Diana Vernon from Haddon Hall, were very much less good; but as a whole the spirit of place was admirably communicated. As was that of Bournemouth. This was an amusing programme, rather in the manner and tone of Mr. Betjeman: witty and affectionate.

Mr. Heppenstall's *The Rising in the North*, in the Third, was an absorbing reconstruction of the Catholic rebellion of 1569, based on the ballads it inspired, which were used to carry the narrative line of the story. What was admirable was what the old critics called "the keeping"; the end of the programme had all the grimness and intransigence of ballad.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"White Corridors," at the Leicester Square
"Ace in the Hole," at the Plaza

Pure documentary is an especially English product; or English, shall we say, with a Scottish tinge. One may detect here the Puritanism that, sometimes for good, sometimes for bad, makes itself felt through all our arts. It invigorates moralists as different as George Orwell and Aldous Huxley; it removes all taste from our cooking; it closes amusement parks on Sundays, and opens the gates of nonsense to genius. In films, its effect has been stringently sober: nowhere could it have been more needed. Yet the day of the pure documentary seems over; and what excites us now is the impurities—impressionism, surrealism, fictional realism, the poetry rather than the prose that can ensue from holding the camera up to nature. The best works of Jennings and Flaherty represent an ideal flowering from this soil. Less successful, because of the distaste and compromise involved, have been the inroads on the ordinary feature film. *White Corridors* represents such an attempt by one of our most brilliant documentarists, Mr. Pat Jackson. His *Western Approaches*, some seven or eight years ago, created a new standard for the reconstituted war incident; since then he has been occupied, rather obscurely, in Hollywood; and now he re-emerges with a study of two crowded days in an English provincial hospital. He shows that he can tell a story and interpret a locality in ways suitable to the cinema; none too common a capability in our studios. *White Corridors* woos and wins its larger audience. But it may disappoint those who may have anticipated a growth of talent rather than the smooth transposition of it revealed by this film.

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the long bare corridor leads us in and out; a small boy, devoted to his rabbit, takes a rare infection and dies; a probationer has to watch the bandages come off a "facial"; an important piece of research reaches its dramatic conclusion; one life is unavoidably lost and another saved in the nick of time on the operating table; two love affairs ripen, the first into scandal, and the second into professional understanding. It is, in fact, quite an old recipe for an English film, this interrelation of lives, except that here the emphasis is less on adventure than on the job. Melodrama is there, but smoothly dovetailed. An exceptionally good cast, including Miss Googie Withers as a worried surgeon and Mr. James Donald as a dour researcher, convince us much of the time, and Mr. Pat Jackson deploys his actors as well as he does his camera.

Ace in the Hole is Mr. Billy Wilder's successor to *Lost Week-end* and *Sunset Boulevard*, and the least successful of the three. Once again his story has a macabre sweep: the yellowest of journalists, to put himself back on the map, scoops a man entombed in a New Mexico cave-dwelling, and keeps him there till all America is on tiptoe. An elaborate rescue is organised, cars flock to the site, a fairground is set up, people pour out of special trains to the guitar lilt of ballads celebrating a front-page event. These sequences, as we move through a jungle of music towards the thud of the rock drill, achieve a wry splendour. Then the man dies. Finish? No; the yellow journalist must show himself a white man after all, repent, make a last dramatic entrance, and die too. The trouble with this character, effectively played by Kirk Douglas, is that all through it's not he but the film-maker who has been egregiously showing off. The singeing monologues would be more theatrically apt on a stage. And Mr. Wilder hasn't created here, as he did with his extravagant movie-queen, a monster to fascinate. He has set out to batter sensationalism, in the most sensational terms he can command. That might well provide a topic for his next film: the director become a victim of his own satire.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Great Exhibition of 1851, at the Victoria and Albert Museum

"Gentlemen—the Exhibition of 1851 is to give us a true test and a living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind has arrived. . . ." So wrote the Prince Consort, full of justifiable optimism for the future of humanity and the fine arts. The present loan exhibition commemorating the centenary of the Crystal Palace, despite its admirable explanatory catalogue, fails to convey this impression. Perhaps it is because the exhibits are necessarily too small. They give us little idea of Paxton's giant greenhouse with its roofed-in elms and jungles of heavy machinery. There is Selous's picture of the opening, there are innumerable prints and memoranda, yet the total effect is less of a historical occasion than of a fascinating and surrealist collection of Victoriana. Most of the exhibits—the champlevé enamelled chalices and cut glass, the book with leaves made of cork, the "Norfolk" sportsman's knife with its eighty blades and instruments, Queen Victoria's jewel casket sporting a decorated panel of Prince Albert in armour—are hideous or fantastic. If they do nothing else, they explain the Pre-Raphaelites. The sculpture, from the revolving "Greek slave" to the twice life-size zinc Amazon, throws a great deal of light on nineteenth century art psychology. This is a glance round the Veneerings' brand-new mansion rather than the embodiment of Tennyson's ringing grooves of change.

J. N. B. R.

Blake's Tempera Paintings, at the Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square

"A Spirit and a Vision are not, as modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour, or a nothing, they are organised and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing nature can produce." This fascinating exhibition of thirty of Blake's tempera paintings—as opposed to his more familiar water-colours—illustrates both points of this quotation from the original catalogue. One projects oneself into these, as into all his visions, to discover the intensity of each minutely articulated detail, which is in fact a microcosm of huge meaning; and is then only made aware of the real dimensions of the picture by its mortal and perishing nature—unfortunately often discoloured and cracked. It is doubtful whether, in 1809, Blake could have managed the scale of the frescoes for which he hoped, on the evidence of some of these small paintings, to be commissioned; perhaps towards the end of his life when his imagination was so exact that no detail destroyed the large unity of his ideas, he would have been able to do so. Here there are at least two masterpieces of this later period: the Dante illustration of Count Ugolino in prison, painted in the year of Blake's own death, and the recently discovered *Sea of Time and Space*. There is also on view the long picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims leaving the Tabarde Inn. Each head is an acute character study, for, contrary to popular belief, Blake was not an innocent dreamer—his taste was as worldly as Chaucer's.

J. B.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park

Nothing could be more pleasant than to sit in Regent's Park on a fine June evening, with the last light gilding the tops of the elms, cirrus cloud drifting slowly across the sky and the wonderful words drifting in at one's ear: "And the imperial votaress passed on. . . . The lunatic, the lover and the poet. . . ." The audience is not a sophisticated one—lots of children, lots of people who need a bit of help from their neighbours with the plot. Innovation, the daring reinterpretation, would be out of place; all that is called for is a straightforward, intelligent, good-looking and audible rendering. Audibility we get, excellently, in Mr. Robert Atkins's production (once the ears have clicked in to the loudspeakers from the side): but far too little intelligence, far too little taste. The central weakness is the trivial conception of the fairies. To Elizabethans, they reflected irrational forces; but these dreadfully prinking dancers in scalloped draperies, looking like the illustrations in the worst kind of children's books, reflected nothing but an impoverished imagination. Puck, though played with great energy by Leslie French, remained on the joky, bottom-pinching level. The other themes were better rendered; Judith Stott and Josephine Tweedy brought off a very fine slanging-match between Hermia and Helena, and the Athenian tradesmen were always great fun, Robert Atkins's Bottom giving weight and direction to the clowning. But the presentation as a whole—dresses, music, lighting—stays on a tasteless, unimaginative level. Other popular institutions, the Old Vic, Sadler's Wells, have put the popular eye in for something better than is offered in Regent's Park—by humans, at any rate, for Nature closed last Saturday's performance with a bravura display of a full moon climbing up a clear night sky, and Venus rising over the marquee in which we were happily not sitting.

J. A. S.

"Mister Sachs's Song Saloon," at the Riverside Theatre

At the West End—theatrically suitable—of the Festival Pleasure Gardens stands the little Riverside Theatre. There, at ten every night except Sunday, Mr. Leonard Sachs takes the stage in black knee-breeches. He warms his audience: this is more needed than at the Players Theatre where he reigned for so long. There are no beer tables, strangers predominate, the private Victorian joke needs introduction, and the stalls don't roar back the well-turned and well-known patter phrase. But Mr. Sachs, an artist at this sort of thing, manages. It takes a little time, as Harry from New Zealand is introduced to Betty from Nottingham, but in the end we are all, or very nearly all, with him. Ten turns occupy the programme: vintage numbers ("Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" and "She was poor but she was honest"), a connubial ballet supported by the Three Sylphides, Mr. Sachs's compering, and the support of players who have made the Charing Cross arches famous. The winners of the evening were that exquisite sad ballad "Round My Hat" (sung by Miss Vida Hope), to which a hushed audience hummed the refrain, and Mr. Geoffrey Dunn's broken-down tenor straight from Covent Garden, a piece of comedy after the style of Ancient Pistol. But to Mister Sachs must go the chief honour. He turns to advantage an unresponsive front stallite, or a raspberry from a Thames tug outside, with untiring elegance.

G. W. S.

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Correspondence

SOCIALISM AND REARMAMENT

SIR,—Messrs. Balogh and Seers begin their second letter with a symptomatic example of wishful thinking. Because they *wish* they had not based their first letter on the fallacy I exposed, they *think* that I have "misconstrued" their criticism. But I purposely presented their fallacy as nearly as possible in their own words, which were: "[The Right] feel that there is an urgent danger of Russian aggression and hence there must be a mounting arms programme." (NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, June 2nd). They held "the alternative assumption that the danger of a Russian attack has been overestimated." The burden of their letter was that the Government's programme is irrational since it is consistent with neither of these alternatives, which together exhaust the field of possible assumptions.

Now that they have, in Mr. Bowers's words, "refined their premises," their case lacks the lucidity which made it a worth-while target. They now say that "if in the end Western civilisation collapses, it will be because we have failed to make it an inspiring alternative to Communism, rather than because we have insufficient arms." But at the same time, "we need more military force than we now have to hold [the men of the Kremlin] in check." This convenient equivocation enables them both to have their cake and eat it.

On Yugoslavia, for example, they say that it is rational for Tito to spend much more on military

defence than we propose in England, though he "cannot imagine his divisions are as powerful a safeguard as Russian fear of a general war"—i.e., the aggression which Tito fears would involve us too. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If Tito's rearmament is rational, so is ours, which is its complement. Incidentally, if they think Tito's attitude rational, they might try to imagine his opinion of theirs.

Of course I share their anxieties about the effects of the rearmament programme on our positive policies for removing the causes of Communism inside our camp. But their pessimism here is too absolute. Among the first consequences of Western rearmament were a reduction in Western unemployment, the bridging of Europe's dollar gap, and financial benefits for the primary producing areas. This is no reason for welcoming rearmament as an economic asset, but it offsets a little the gloomy picture which Messrs. Seers and Balogh painted.

Their second letter is so ambiguous and inconsistent that I hesitate to fasten on a single element in their case as the crucial difference between us. But let us take their statement, "if in the end Western civilisation collapses, it will be because we have failed to make it an inspiring alternative to Communism, rather than because we have insufficient arms." I doubt that this is the whole truth even as it stands. Communists have never been able to achieve power without the use of armed force; China and Yugoslavia are probably the only countries where they had more popular support than the system they overthrew. It is true, however, that in many cases the previous systems had non-military weaknesses which helped the Communists to apply force successfully.

But Messrs. Balogh and Seers' statement has a catch in it—the artless addition of the words "in the end." Whatever is true "in the end," in the short run Western civilisation could collapse in a Third World War brought about by military weakness. The question which honest men must face to-day is whether the danger of war in the short run should influence present policy more than the danger of internal collapse in the long run.

The Government evidently believes that the danger of war is great enough to take priority in influencing policy. Most people in this country would agree. But to believe there is a danger of war is a long way from believing war inevitable. Government policy aims at preventing war by removing the causes of the danger. Messrs. Balogh and Seers, like many others, seem to believe that, if a danger of war exists, we can do nothing except prepare to withstand its rigours—by the return to a war economy, the building of shelters and so on.

But the Government believes that the danger of war flows from our inability to deter aggression at the danger spots. By adequate rearmament we can remove the danger. And the effort required to deter aggression is several times smaller than that which would be required to win a world war which had become inevitable. The problem is not, as Messrs. Balogh and Seers falsely credit me with saying, "to achieve local military superiority at points around the Soviet periphery," but to provide adequate deterrent forces at those points, a much less costly enterprise.

May I deal finally with the substance of Mr. Bowers's letter—that by attempting to achieve military security against Soviet aggression we shall either encourage such aggression or begin an arms race which can only end in war or our collapse through internal strains. In other words, once a potential aggressor is stronger than you are, any policy but appeasement must mean war or self-destruction. This is defeatism of a classical purity, and is obviously nonsense both in general and in this particular case.

At present, Russia has local military superiority at all points round the frontier of her empire. This is the greatest single asset of the Communists on this side of the frontier. The daily fear of occupation by the Red Army encourages social irresponsibility in all classes—people who cannot afford foreign funkholes seek security inside the Communist Party itself. Western Europe cannot recover health until this Sword of Damocles is removed. To this extent rearmament is necessary even for the inspirational reasons of which Messrs. Balogh and Seers approve.

Will trying to correct the local military balance mean hastening a Soviet attack? Not so long as the effort is collective and includes the U.S. For Russia knows she is certain to be defeated in a world war with America against her—unless America does not come in until Russia has had time to mobilise the resources of a conquered Western Europe on her side. She will not risk even local and indirect aggression if she is sure that her victims are both able and determined to defeat themselves together. The only way to assure her of this is to embark on collective rearmament as N.A.T.O. has now decided. And we cannot expect an adequate contribution from the U.S. unless we are prepared to carry our share of the burden.

Treaty commitments without arms are worse than futile. If Russia is certain of quick local victory without speedy and effective intervention by the U.S., she is liable to risk the long-term consequences—as Hitler did in Poland despite the British guarantee. The policy which your correspondents advocate would mean a weak Britain facing certain war without American allies.

Finally, present Western policy does not mean "an ever-vaster arms race," if only because America's industrial capacity ensures that, if there were such a race, we should win by several laps. I am surprised that an economist like Mr. Bowers bases the contrary view on the putative rate of increase in Russian production, which starts so far below that of the West. But my optimism rests essentially on the Stalinist tradition in foreign policy. Once the Soviet rulers realise that the West is ready and able to outplay them in the military field, they will revert to their more conventional strategy of exploiting internal divisions in the non-Stalinist world. Then the policies to which your correspondents would wrongly give overriding priority to-day would rightly resume the first importance.

Until that point is reached, your correspondents would better employ their expertise and "rude native wit" in trying to reduce the social and economic strains which our rearmament programme imposes than in denying its necessity.

DENIS HEALEY

Highgate, N.6.

WHO KILLED THE KING?

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article published in your issue of Saturday, February 24 last, entitled *Who Killed the King?*

As the article contained certain misrepresentation of facts, I shall appreciate it if you will be good enough to publish this letter in your next issue. The misrepresentation of facts that I refer to occurs in the following passages:—

1. The article states that "Nai Pridi and a friend, who is accused of firing the gun, have been in exile ever since."

Whether compulsory exile is implied or merely a voluntary exile, the word "exile" is wrong. The fact is that Nai Pridi and the friend (Lt. Vajarachai, R.T.N.) were wanted by the police in connection with the case, and they managed to escape and are not to be found in the country.

2. The article states further that in the absence of Pridi himself, a protracted trial of three supposed accomplices after the fact (two of the King's pages and an ex-secretary) has been carried out.

Here again, the fact is that Nai Pridi and his accomplices including the three persons above-mentioned were accused of plotting the death of the King. Subsequent investigation and evidence confirm the charges against them, and they have accordingly been legally prosecuted. There is no question of supposition in any way.

As regards the protractedness of the trial, it should be borne in mind that the trial is for Regicide and it is taking place in the ordinary Criminal Court. This Court has to deal not only with this all-important case but a large number of other cases as well, and sometimes the trial has had to be postponed owing to illness of the accused or of their respective counsels.

3. Furthermore, the article says that 230 witnesses have been heard against the accused. This again is false; for the fact is that up to now 126 prosecution and 31 defence witnesses have been called in to give evidence, making 156 in all.

PHRA BAHIDDHA NUKARA.

The Royal Thai Embassy,
23 Ashburn Place, London, S.W.7.

[There is nothing in this letter that does not refute itself—except perhaps the number of "witnesses." Our figure was taken from the Siamese press.

First we must point out that no article appeared in our issue of February 24 entitled "Who Killed the King?" Critic did, however, refer in this issue to an article so entitled that appeared two years earlier discussing the mysterious death of the King of Siam. This article was widely quoted in Thailand at the time; on no point was its accuracy challenged.

As to our alleged inaccuracies—

1. The Siamese Government does not like the word "exile." But Pridi did not leave the country because he was wanted by the police. He left the country voluntarily because his rival, Marshal Pibun, won a round in their long duel. One of the weapons used against him was a whispering campaign suggesting that he was responsible for the King's death. No one, even in the highest quarters in Siam, took the suggestion seriously in 1948. The accusation was notoriously a piece of political warfare.

2. Never did a Government so completely give itself away. While the trial is still in progress the Thai Ambassador states that "subsequent investigation and evidence confirm the charges" against the accused men and adds that there is "no question of supposition"! In short, by his own admission, the accused have been selected as victims, the charges privately "confirmed," and the trial is a farce which is to lead to their condemnation. If these three unfortunate men who have been held now for three years under the most rigorous conditions and sometimes "ill," (allegedly from third degree methods), are now condemned, everyone will know that the trial is a political farce organised with the object of discrediting Pridi in public opinion and stabilising the position of the present dictator of Thailand.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FREEDOM AND CATHOLICISM

SIR,—Regarding Mr. Lunn's "challenge" to Mr. Blanshard, it would be very well for the latter to read the published controversy between Lunn and Coulton, entitled *A Critic and A Convert*, before he even thinks of accepting the "challenge." It would prove to be an eye-opener for Mr. Blanshard, showing

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that the ways of a Roman Catholic controversialist are more mysterious and strange than the ways of a man with a maid. But where is Mr. Blanshard to get it? It is, as far as I know, out of print, and hard to come by; but, should Mr. Blanshard think of taking the "challenge" up, I shall be delighted to lend him my copy. These books that are full of significant facts about the practice and theory of the Roman Catholic Faith have a curious way of becoming scarce, like that written by Dr. McDonald, for forty years Professor of Theology in Maynooth College, called *Reminiscences of a Maynooth Professor*. The first was printed by Coulton at his own expense, the latter by Jonathan Cape, presumably in a small edition, for search how you will, it is almost impossible to get a copy. Many have written to me asking where it can be got; but it would seem that some interested party had bought up the books as they appeared, and had destroyed them.

Mr. Blanshard will find that in controversy Lunn is a curious customer, shown, among many other examples by a letter in which he ends his debate with Coulton: "I will bring this correspondence to an end by accepting your last letter as final, and I do so with great pleasure because I consider that your continued demands that I should produce evidence in support of Father D'Arcy's statement and my own as an impertinence." Evidently, he wants to renew displeasure by another debate. Here is but one of multitudes of comments made by Coulton: "You reckon your own spare moments are more valuable than the time of *any* Universtiy teacher in the domain of Church history. On the one hand you arrogate the right to challenge him, and to pester him, and to threaten exposure if he refuses to meet you. He, on the other hand, must be content with such time as you can spare from your far more important business of Mediterranean Cruises and Winter Sports." Such was Lunn's treatment of Coulton, who, of course, devasted him with facts he couldn't answer.

Tingrith, Station Road, SEAN O'CASEY
Totnes, Devon.

FOOD PARCELS FOR GREECE

SIR,—Some weeks ago correspondence appeared in your columns on the question of food parcels to Greece. Your correspondent, Mr. Pallis, expressed surprise that I should feel that there was discrimination against prisoners' families to whom food parcels are sent from this country.

Is it not strange that on May 22, according to a letter just received from my mother-in-law, four policemen took her in a closed van to the Security Police Station and there she was questioned? She was asked why she had given my address to various people in need of relief. During the course of these "investigations" on the question of the parcels of food and clothes which I have been sending to exiles' and prisoners' families, this woman of seventy-three was three times threatened that, if she did not give more details, she would be locked in a cell.

At about the same time, *Democratikos Typos*, Mr. Sofianopoulos' newspaper, reported that Maria Mouratidou and her sister, Olympia, had both been arrested for "legally working for the relief of prisoners and exiles and families." According to this newspaper, Mrs. Mouratidou was Secretary of a legally constituted and recognised Committee for Prisoners' Relief, and the Relief of their Families.

These facts leave no room for doubt that the police authorities in Greece are determined to prevent food and clothes reaching the destitute families of political exiles and prisoners. BETTY AMBATIELOS

FRONT PAGE MEN

SIR,—One can forgive THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for being a discontented periodical, but it is sad that Flavus should have injected the whole of last week's issue with his yellow hue. The paragraph entitled "Front-page Men" was ill-informed and inconsistent. Ill-informed, since the conditions of entry into the Foreign Service were fundamentally altered some time ago, with the result that our diplomatists are now indistinguishable from tax-gatherers or officials of the Ministry of Agriculture. Inconsistent, since having for thirty years criticised the Foreign Office for being too Right-wing, it is illogical (without the slightest change of accent or expression), now to grumble at their having swung too much to the Left.

How happy we should be if you, Sir, were to devote your superb gifts to rescuing Social Democracy from dissolution; and cease mooing sulkily in the long grass, flipping your ears at flies, and chewing the cud of grievances that ought long since to have been digested.

Cranbrook, Kent. HAROLD NICOLSON

[Preoccupied as we have been with fly-flipping, we have not missed the fact a Foreign Office career is rather more open to the talents than it was before Mr. Eden's reforms, nor have we been so lost in the long grass as to make the comic statement that the Foreign Office is too "Left."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MOLECULES A LA MODE

SIR,—In your issue of June 9, the word "Cellophane" was used by Mr. Ritchie Calder in relation to cellulose acetate sheet. "Cellophane," in fact, is the registered trade mark of British Cellophane Limited, and denotes distinctively our brand of cellulose film. Cellulose and cellulose acetate differ, of course, both physically and chemically, in many important respects.

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[Ritchie Calder writes: "I am obliged for the above clarification and I must add, in answer to another critic, who complained because I wrote 'cellulose acetate which we know in fibre form as rayon,' that rayon is a generic term which includes cellulose acetate, as well as viscose, fibres; that cellulose-nitrate toys are not banned by law although they are inflammable; and that he is, of course, right in pointing out that urea is a base and not an acid. Inexcusably, I said that Nobel turned nitro-cellulose into dynamite. I got mixed up with nitro-glycerine and deserved to be blown-up!"—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE FIRST DETECTIVE

SIR,—Mr. Pritchett asks what is the lineage of the detective story, mentioning Vidocq and Hoffmann's *Mlle de Scuderi*. I don't know the date of Vidocq, but Voltaire's *Zadig* was written thirty years or so before Hoffmann was born; and Zadig's method of detection, enabling him to give a detailed description of objects he had never seen or even heard of, is identical with that of Sherlock Holmes.

The Leaze, Oxlynch. HUGH P. VOWLES

STANLEY JEVONS

SIR,—The Philosophy Department at Manchester University has recently received from Miss H. W. Jevons, the daughter of the late W. Stanley Jevons, Professor of Logic at Owens College, a collection of letters sent to him by such scholars as Adamson, Ellis, Campbell-Fraser, MacFarlane, M'Cosh, Marquand, McKinley, McColl, Peirce, and Venn, dealing with Logical Machines and allied topics. Together with this correspondence we have also received a number of Jevons' notebooks, which have a bearing on the construction of his logical machine. Jevons had the distinction of constructing the first machine to perform logical inference, a topic which is exciting current interest. As we are hoping to publish the more relevant material, we should be grateful if any of your readers, who may have letters or notes of Jevons in their possession, would communicate with us.

W. MAYS
University of Manchester. D. P. HENRY

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

SIR,—In a notice, on June 16, of a new translation of the poems of St. John of the Cross, your reviewer refers to my "literal translations" from that poet which "made no attempt to reproduce metre or rhyme." Actually, in *The Complete Works of St. John of the Cross* (Burns Oates, 1934–5) and again, with the Spanish text facing the English, in *Poems of St. John of the Cross* (Burns Oates, 1947), I published translations of the entire body of the poems, reproducing both metre and rhyme. The only literal renderings I have made occur in the translation of the commentaries of the poems, which is quite another matter. E. ALLISON PEERS

The University, Liverpool.

Books in General

"I do not like your lips," Oscar Wilde said to Gide, when he first met the young Protestant with the Nazarene beard in Paris, "they are quite straight, like the lips of one who has never told a lie." In old age Gide's lips were still like a long truthful line ruled across a face to which experience had given that look of dominance and seduction sometimes found in the saint, the confessor and the actor. The penitents of this confessor were those who had committed the sin with which he himself had at times struggled and, at others, ironically philandered: what he regarded as the sin of faith. He was, in the Socratic sense, a corrupter, one who liberated only to impose an infinitely arduous pursuit of virtue, and this made him a hard moralist as all the puritans are. For most of the moralists—Goethe and Montaigne are the exceptions who come to mind—have the attraction of working in a fixed climate from which there is no escape; they write us into an inexorable algebra which is a pleasure in itself, and gives us at least the relief of a sort of fatalism. But Gide's climate is changeable; the spring is defeated but the spring returns; the moral frontier, like the year, is open, exposed and dangerous. This calls for courage, the loveliest of the virtues; but, alas, also for diligence, the grimmest of them.

But, fortunately, the pastor in Gide is there to exacerbate Gide rather than torture the reader. We are not, unless we are theologians, involved in the religious issue as it presented itself to him, for its own sake, any more than we can now be involved in the historical state of Montaigne's faith. The issues of religion are universal; literature interests us by what they have imaginatively provoked; in Gide (as in Montaigne) the obsession has given us the psychologist and moralist, a spirit now lyrical, now scientific. We respond to Gide's luminous curiosity about himself, which is less melancholy than Montaigne's, indeed not melancholy at all, for it extends beyond what he is at a given moment to what he is becoming. Here is, in fact, the trait which holds the secret of his extraordinary resilience and youthfulness; and when, after reading a translation of the last volume of his *Journals*,* we notice his serenity, it is really youth prolonged. For he is always expectant. Like Stendhal (another master of his) he makes us feel more intelligent, more honest than we are without him, for he brings more into the light of day. He conserves the bite and gaiety of the intelligence; all that he says, even when he is bewildered, despairing or tragic, is on the side of life, for (he conveys to us) the pride of life revives, the intellect lasts.

There have been a large number of books on Gide, but they are chiefly written for or against him as a teacher, a believer or non-believer. Mr. George Painter's short†, really excellent, scholarly study, has taken a different course. The links between Gide's life and writing are more numerous, closer, more precise and important that they are with many writers, for in some sense all his books are autobiographical, and Mr. Painter has patiently and thoughtfully put the intricate puzzle together. He does not criticise the teachings as a whole, for he reveres the master, and it is, in any case, hard to pin down this evasive mind; others have been haunted by the suspicion that Gide "derives," that he is a superb designer of medallions, a kind of moral silversmith. The only murmured doubt is where there have been unanimous murmurings before: on the question of the clear-headedness of *Corydon*—Gide made light of a possible pathological aspect to homosexuality. The analysis of the books, notably of *Les Caves du Vatican*, is brilliantly done by Mr. Painter who has followed a subtle mind from point to point with pleasure, understanding, economy and wit. There is no random speculation, nothing pretentious in this useful and illuminating little book.

The fourth volume of the *Journals* begins with the war in 1939 and ends ten years later. Mauriac has spoken of his "aggressive serenity," and if the radiant agitation of the earlier years is not here and Gide is inclined to be above his enemies where before he hit back, there is an astonishing vitality; and very little testiness. If he is more studied, more aware of his role, his power of ecstasy and joy is not lost; he still has those moments of being "born again" in the reading of a book, perhaps, or before some sight of nature. The intensity is now, naturally, of reflection rather than of action and emotion. Comparing, page with page, the younger *Journals* with this volume, we find in the earlier ones a sharper zest, a more cutting pain, a greater animation; but the new volume adds the indispensable and grave finale and its range is extraordinary. Mr. Justin O'Brien's edition is well-edited and his introduction is very good; the translation is far from impeccable, though it serves. At the beginning of the war, Gide felt, as he had felt in 1914, that the duty of the writer was to be silent; he learned German and read Goethe. Presently, the disaster, the question of its causes, the moral situation of France preoccupied him and, if nothing else, the *Journal* is a remarkable record of an open civilised mind in agitation, trapped in political defeat. But I do not think this is the most interesting part of this book, and it is, in any case, for Frenchmen to argue about. Gide belonged to an essentially non-political generation. If he had fallen into the trap of the social problem (he said) he would have written nothing, and he wrote (he also said, with vanity perhaps but also with prescience) for "the next generation, not this." That seems to me true: the issues of freedom and authority, truthfulness and propaganda, are the only issues for Western people. Their drama moves from the outer to the inner life. What is interesting to a younger generation than Gide's is his fascination with authority and his obliquity in dealing with it. Gide was a resistance movement in himself, and the lasting impression one has of him is of a man who is working at a technique for freedom: it will be needed.

> I am reproached for my oblique gait—but who does not know that when the wind is contrary, one is obliged to tack? It is easy to criticise for you who let yourselves be carried by the wind. I take my bearing on the rudder.

Tacking is always Gide's method, for he is most alive when there is an opposing force and he draws as close to it as he can. The charge of vacillation was never just.

But Gide's true work is to paint the self-portrait of a free man determined on freedom and on checking it, as if what he most wanted was intensity. The portrait itself is formidable and amusing. The old man afraid to waste a day; the old Protestant torn by the problem of idleness: is it worse to do bad work than none? He translates Vergil, he translates *Hamlet*, he reads Corneille, Koestler, Shaw, Browning, Johnson, Goethe, Pearl Buck, hundreds of writers good and bad, studies radioactivity, sea animals, a history of Moslem customs—reads and writes on what he reads. (He has always done so: he has gone to other writers continuously—for sympathy.) The judgments are very sharp: no patience with Conrad's *Romance*, a shrewd verdict on Johnson. Of a performance of *King Lear*: "It ceases to be human; it becomes enormous. Hugo himself never imagined anything more gigantically artificial and more false." And there is the sharp-eyed note: "Strange part played in that drama by papers and missives, presented, stolen, falsified; up to seven times, if I counted aright." (The device of the diary in *Les Faux Monnayeurs*.) But reading, which has played a larger part in his life than it does in the lives of most imaginative writers, is for this puritan artist "the unpunished vice."

> By reading I seek to distract myself from myself, and whereas it would be essential to commune with myself, it seems that, almost without choice, I welcome everything that may help me to forget myself . . . it would be better to give [my mind] a total holiday than constantly to interpose a screen between it and God. I must learn to know solitude all over again. What I must take walking with me henceforth is not a book, but this notebook.

Conscience is the instrument he works and lives by; and the hypnotic effect of the *Journals* perhaps comes from the feeling we have of watching not a free man but a technician or tutor of freedom.

The portraits in North Africa are fewer than in the earlier volume, though there are touching sallies into scenes of the past. One grotesque living figure stands out, during the time of the siege of Tunis: the awful boy Victor, a son of the family in whose house Gide was staying. The situation is piquant. The greatest living French writer is driven to the point of illness and flight by the tortures of this truly horrible adolescent. He has contempt for the master. Victor bosses the house, is rude, surly, silent, scornful, grabs the best fruit, eats his food with his hands like an Arab, sucks his fingers, lies with arrogance. He is hoarding bullets to sell as war souvenirs, has a secret cache of chocolate and gold coins to be sold at a profit, and has just joined the Communists. He is filthy in the lavatory. Several days a week he runs a gambling den for his school friends, where poker and baccarat are played from two till six p.m. "In principle" (he says) he doesn't smoke, but only in principle. This sudden appearance of a character from *Les Faux Monnayeurs* hits Gide like a plague; and through the account of the bombardment the nasty comedy weaves its

* *The Journals of André Gide*. Vol. IV, 1939-1949. Translated from the French and edited by Justin O'Brien. *Secker & Warburg*. 35s.

† *André Gide*. By George Painter. *Arthur Barker*. 8s. 6d.

coarse human thread. A progressive child, Victor devours Rousseau, Diderot, Voltaire and seems to be heading for success as a gangster. It is, the more one reflects upon it, a terrible Jamesian story; almost, the enemies of Gide might say, a sardonic retribution; and, at one point, where the tortured sage is afflicted, as usual, by conscience and asks whether he himself is not to blame because he has not been able—nor ever has all his life—to suppress his instinct to reform others, one is on the point of tears. For Gide's irony, under the strain of the heavy air raids and illness, had left him for the moment.

The episode is short. We are back among the aphorisms, the ecstasies, the delightful quotations, the memories and the fine points once more. But we appreciate all the more, by the accident of this raw interruption, the enlarging intimacy we have been privileged to share with a mind that has observed its experience with more method and surgical curiosity than any other of its time, except Proust's.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Day of Returning

CROUCHED upon sea-chiselled gravel, staring out
and up at the sea,
The gnarled and glorious twister, seasoned in
danger, wept,
Thrusting his heart at that monstrous wall of water
Beyond which somewhere was Ithaca.

Behind him the island was terraced, before him
terrace on terrace of waves
Climbed to the cruel horizon; though he was
strong, he wept,
The salt tears blent and blurred with the salt
spindrift
While the salt of his wit grew savourless.

Behind him also, faintly curling out of the woods,
a voice,
Which once entranced, now pained him; instead
of that too sweet song
He yearned for the crisp commands of laundry and
kitchen
Which his wife must be giving in Ithaca.

And again he rode his mind at the hurdles of
ocean, counted the hours
That would not pass, the waves that would
not sleep, and wept
But not as of old when he half enjoyed the weeping
For shared sorrows in company.

But this was not tragic, this was frustration;
infertile as the foam
That creamed around his sandals, listless as
the hope
The sweet voice held out sometimes of an
immortal
Life, but life here, not Ithaca.

For here his bed was too soft and the wine never
rough and the scent of the flowers
Too heavy; here when he should have smiled
he wept.
Better have stayed on that other island of lotus
Smiling from pure forgetfulness.

Out and up at the sea. A stiff climb for a tired
mind
And nothing at the top; the terraces dissolved
In the clambering eye; while a voice sang on,
destroying
All heart, all hope, all Ithaca.

II

Home beyond this life? Or through it? If
through, how?
Through as through glass—or through the nerves
and blood?
We all are homeless sometimes, homesick some-
times,
As we all at times are godless or god-fearing—
And what does that imply?

On scrubbed white deal two hands, red from the
sink, are clenched
On the hope of an after-life; there is dirt in the
cracks
Of the table and under the nails for all their
scouring,
And the golden walls of Jerusalem the Golden
Have black cracks in them too.

Zion is always future. Just as Calypso's isle
Was always and too present, so out of time;
But home is seen and lived through time, the
alarm clock
Rules from the kitchen shelf and the dog Argus
Grows old and vexed with fleas.

On Sundays perhaps the alarm is stilled and the
red hands
Reposed on a Sunday lap in the just-so room
Which does not exist on weekdays, where the
Penates
Are no more jug nor clock but family photos
Of a family not to the life.

Stiff collars and a harmonium. White and black.
Stiff keys.
A creaking lock in gates of mother of pearl.
The street is curtained off that up and inwards
The mind may count the golden rungs, though
Jacob
Unseen limp down the street.

A stiff climb—and at the top? Will Wesley hand
us a gold
Chalice of nectar—immortal and islanded life,
A home from home? But is it a window or mirror
We see that happiness in or through? Or is it
Merely escape from the clock?

As Penelope never escaped. And, though her
husband did,
He found that bliss a prison and each day
Wept as he watched the changing unchanging
ocean
Beyond which lived his wife and the dog Argus
And real people. Who lived.

III

But even so, he said, daily I hanker, daily
Ache to get back to my home, to see my day of
returning
After those years of violent action—and these of
inaction.
Always and even so. But I have no ship, no
comrades,
Only my wits with nothing to grind on. Nectar,
ambrosia,
Promise me nothing; the goddess no longer
pleases me.
Who would be loved by a goddess for long?
Hours which are golden
But unreal hours, flowers which forget to fall,
And wine too smooth, no wrinkles to match my
own—
Who would be loved by a goddess who cannot
appreciate
The joy of solving a problem, who never wept
For friends that she used to laugh with? I stare
at the sea
Till that hard horizon rounds one great round eye
Hard as that of the Cyclops; this time I have no
Means of putting it out—and now I am really
No Man
For my ears ring with a too sweet voice which
never
Falters or ages. They call me crafty Odysseus;
I have used my craft on gods and nymphs and
demigods
But it is time, high time, I turned it again
To the earth that bred it, a new threshing floor
Or setting up boundary stones, for even the best
Neighbours encroach—and I like to have someone
to argue with
About my rights of grazing or wood-cutting; aye,
it is time
I heard the bleat of my goats and smelt the dung
of my cattle;
Here there is neither dung nor rights nor argu-
ment,
Only the scent of flowers and a too sweet voice
which is ever
Youthful and fails to move me. Here could never
be home,
No more than the sea around it. And even the sea
Is a different sea round Ithaca.

IV

They call me crafty, I robbed my brother,
Hoaxed my father, I am most practical,
Yet in my time have had my visions,
Have seen a ladder that reached the sky.
A smooth old man, but when I was younger—
You noticed my limp, here, in the thigh—
I wrestled all night with God Eternal.

Which one can never do twice. And the ladder,
I never saw that again either; presumably
It is there always if one could see it
And the shining messengers, busy as bees,
Go up and come down it searching for honey
In the hearts of men; they are hard to please,
Want only the best. But we know when they
find it.

Because we feel suddenly happy. For all that
One should not think too much about them;
analysis
Cannot hit off what they want; it is better
To keep one's eyes on the earth and they
Can take their tithes when they choose, they are
welcome,
But now is my home and here is my day
And my job is to father a chosen people.

A hard job but grateful. Laban exacted
Seven years of diligent bailiffry,
Then tried to cheat me; my wives, my children,
Proved jealous; followed the years of dearth
When Joseph was lost—but God had assured me
My seed should be as the dust of the earth
And Joseph and corn were found in Egypt.

Yet sometimes, even now, I have a nightmare,
Always the same, that the challenge has come
again
In a stony place, in ultimate darkness,
And I feel my sinews crack in advance
And, because this time I know my opponent,
I know that this time I have no chance
Of holding my own. My own is nowhere;

And I wake in a sweat, still in the darkness
Which might be nowhere—but I am most
practical,
I put out my hand to finger the darkness
And feel the nap of it, it is my own,
Enclosed by myself with walls and enclosing
My family; besides, the ache in the bone
Of my thigh confirms me that I am somewhere,

That I am home; no more a vagrant,
No more—except in flashes—a visionary,
No more a chooser, I have been chosen
To father the chosen, a full time task—
With by-products perhaps such as, shall we say,
honey—
Still on the whole I have little to ask
But that day should return, each day of returning.

LOUIS MACNEICE

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re-establishes the idea of God as the creator of the physical world, and views the Good, not as a Perfection from which man has fallen away, but as a *dynamic* idea—something towards which man is always striving. Science, moreover, is not a logical method of disproving the theory of a created universe, but a study of the manifestations of Cosmic Process, whose source is Divine. 15s.

Lewis Spence, author of forty published works including "The Fairy Tradition in Britain", and "The Minor Traditions of British Mythology", has at last completed his long awaited book on the history and background of the faculty of pre-vision.

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is a comprehensive study of the subject, which, with the aid of many illustrative and fascinating cases, traces the origin of the phenomena back to early Celtic arcane practices. 18s.

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What? Why? Whither? The hidden mystery lying *before*, *behind*, and *beyond* life—the relation of man's soul to the infinite. Such are the themes Maeterlinck handles. He doesn't know the answer, but you must read this book to get near to it. 10s. 6d.

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Summer Books

from HUTCHINSON's List

¶ Some very successful spring books are still in wide demand at libraries and bookshops. ¶ 2nd large impression of "A Sailor's Odyssey" by Viscount Cunningham. 21s. ¶ Highly controversial "Restatement of Liberty" by Rt. Hon. P. C. Gordon Walker, M.P. ¶ "The Heart of the House" by Naomi Jacob and "Mist Over Pendle" by Robert Neill—two very successful novels.

ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK
Danger Spot of Europe

The author, recently returned from an extensive tour of Germany, examines the outlook of the German today. What he thinks. What his attitude is to the Western Powers and to Russia. End pages maps. June 28. 12s. 6d.

ADAM DE HEGEDUS
Home and Away

"A book of startling interest to anyone trying to assess the changes in outlook and habit going on in this country today." *James Pope-Hennessy.*

GEORGE JOHN SEATON
Scars Are My Passport

An indictment of the scandalous conditions existing in the French Penal settlements. "Dreadful Facts." *Joseph Taggart* (*Star*). 26 illus. 12s. 6d.

CHARLES GRAVES
The Big Gamble

"A lively account of Monte Carlo's rise to fame. Here are wonderful stories." *Joseph Taggart* (*Star*). 44 illus. and maps. 15s.

VIRGINIA HERSCH
To Seize a Dream
12s. 6d.

PETER BOURNE
10,000 Shall Die
12s. 6d.

PHILIP GIBBS
The Spoils of Time
10s. 6d.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS
Thro' a Glass Darkly
10s. 6d.

¶ There are some very exciting items in our Autumn List. ¶ "Salt and his Circle" by Stephen Winsten. Intro. by G. BERNARD SHAW (Sept., approx. 18s.). ¶ A new novel by Jean Ross "The Willing Trespasser" (Aug., 9s. 6d.). ¶ A novel by Francis Cardinal Spellman "The Foundling" (Sept., 9s. 6d.).

Headpiece by Laurence Scarfe from "Rome. Fragments in the Sun" 12s. 6d.

MUSTARD, PEPPER AND SALT

Jack Solomons Tells All. By JACK SOLOMONS. *Rich & Cowan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Life Over Again. By C. B. PURDOM. *Dent.* 18*s.*

The Day Before Yesterday. By J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Three autobiographies, each in turn savouring of one of the above important relishes and seasonings. First, Mr. Jack Solomons. One can forgive anything to a man who describes the know-alls of the boxing-ring as " the cauliflower cognoscenti " and who, to illustrate the disastrous results of " fixing " a fight, quotes Hamlet's uncle and his unfortunate ruse. Not that Mr. Solomons requires forgiveness in anything but his style, which is an all-out attack of jokes, jargon, breeziness and Americanisms, destined to K.O. the unrobust inside two chapters.

Born in a basement bedroom below an East End fish shop, this remarkable man has devoted his energies to fish and " crashing the big time " in the field of fight-promotion. His motives are simple :

> Mercenary, you say ? Well, who's kidding who ? Never let anybody string you along that they are in the fight game for anything but dough. . . . It's chips as well as championships for all of us, and only fools and hypocrites believe otherwise.

It has not been chips all the way : " I earned myself some ulcers before I got to the cash and carnations " and sometimes there was nothing to fall back on but the hake and haddock slab. Even in success, his keen interest in fish has not waned ; it brings him at 4 o'clock from his bed and sends him to Billingsgate Market to run an expert eye over the dabs and soles, after which he moves into his other world. And what a world it is and how understandable the ulcers : cross-Atlantic telephone calls in a searchlight of violent and essential publicity, ceaseless money wrangles, and champions' tantrums that make a seasoned opera star sound like Little Nell. It is an absorbing account : well-known bruisers jostle each other on the pages, complete with action photographs that tend to make one relieved not to be in there with the boys, mixing it. There are many colourful characters : Joe Baksi (" that ponderous pug from the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania ") and his trainer, Whitey Bimstein (" straight from the Bronx via Damon Runyon "); Lee Oma (*né* Frank Czjewski) with " the chinful of charm and the *aurora borealis* tie " ; an ex-saloon-bouncer, Lee Savold (" a square shooter "); Ike (" Ah's a lil tired t'day ") Williams. Mr. Solomons is friends with them all—" if he were broke and I had a shilling, he could have elevenpence of it. Well, sixpence, anyway "—and if cruel people occasionally make unkind insinuations about crooked fights, Mr. Solomons has an answer to those : " Forgive me if I trot out another of my clichés from the classics : ' Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.' " " They tell me," he says elsewhere, " Shakespeare is dead. Pity."

Mr. C. B. Purdom's *Life Over Again* is, the wrapper informs us, an attempt by Mr. Purdom " to synthesize the enigma of his own life," but it will need more than this grandiose announcement to excuse the series of dull and slightly bad-tempered reminiscences that go to make up this humourless book. After experiences in town-planning at Letchworth, Mr. Purdom becomes involved in the construction of Welwyn Garden City, at which he worked with Sir Theodore Chambers (" Purdom, I think we are fools "). Ructions occur and Mr. Purdom hastens to tell Sir Theodore of a plot to oust him (" Purdom, it is the end of all things "). Sir Harry Peat investigates (" Purdom, it is all rubbish ") and Mr. Purdom voluntarily resigns, and not a moment too soon for the reader unless he is unusually interested in Welwyn Garden City.

We find ourselves rambling rather uneasily through journalism, John Lewis, dramatic criticism, herbs, no fewer than three Ministries (Food, Supply and Information), and our rolling stone comes to rest for a time as General Secretary of Equity. This appointment ends in dismissal, in a flurry of lawyer's advice, alleged illegal procedure and a nasty taste in the mouth, which possibly prompts the statement that the present condition of the theatre is " deplorable . . . Mediocrity is prominent. . . . Far too few leading players." If there is one thing (the Oliviers, Dame Edith, John Gielgud) about which it is foolish (Alec Guinness, Peggy Ashcroft, Emlyn Williams) to attack the modern stage (Michael Redgrave, Diana Wynyard, Robert Helpmann), it is undoubtedly the brilliance (Margaret Rutherford, Eric Portman, Fay Compton) and the variety (Sir Ralph, Dame Sybil, Sir Godfrey) and the number of our leading players. To coin a phrase, " Purdom, this is bosh."

In a chapter called " Friendship," Mr. Purdom tells us of a Persian " spiritual master " called Meher Baba whose life was changed after being suddenly embraced by an ancient woman living under a tree in Poona. Baba ministers to Indian *masts* (or God-intoxicated) and when Mr. Purdom kindly wrote his life, not a critic noticed it. In 1949, Baba announced that he was becoming *ghutt* (hardened) and *naffat* (callous) and we pass on to another chum, Dimitri Mitrinović, with his three hypostases of the New Atlantis, the first being Anti-Sisyphus and the second Anti-Leviathan, which tells you how to correct a tendency to get swallowed up in great techtonic units. To all of this one finds oneself quite astonishingly *ghutt* and *naffat*.

Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott's *The Day Before Yesterday* is an enchanting book, nostalgic, amusing, instructive and sensible. His range of subject is astounding : teetotal magic-lantern slides (with mice jumping down the topers' throats) : Marie Tempest's first experience of tights (she wept for about an hour) : Twin beds in Paris (" *N'est-ce pas un peu triste pour les jeunes gens ?* ") : Sabbatarian protests (" People taken safely and swiftly to HELL next Lord's Day by the Carlisle Railway ") : trouser openings : family pews, and other joys. He is particularly good on his Cumbrian Headmaster who had an arresting habit of thrusting his beard into his mouth, mumbling it and then ferociously blowing it out again. He also threw blackboards at pupil teachers, dashed water over his head to calm himself, and ended up, happily enough, as a clerk in a laundry.

Mr. Robertson Scott on early railways almost reconciles one to their current counterparts. There were graffiti on the seats, spittoons for the first and second classes (the third used the floor), chamber-pots for youthful passengers, iron footwarmers, and falling snow was apt to blow in under the doors. The London, Chatham and Dover line was known as the London, Smash-'em and Turn-'em-over, in merry tribute to the frequent accidents.

It is a most engaging cavalcade of experience, a bumper bran-tub. Even in his Index, Mr. Robertson Scott pleases ; devotees of the Index Game (three bizarre juxtapositions) will find Blood letting, Bloomer, Mrs., Blotting paper ; Education, Edward VII, Eena meena mina mo ; Huxley, Hyde Park railings, Hydrophobia ; Rubáiyát, Rugby Union, Rum butter. Non-devotees of the game now have an even fuller picture of this book's many delights.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

NATIONAL THEATRE

The Making of a National Theatre. By GEOFFREY WHITWORTH. *Faber.* 21*s.*

This is a most modest book. It is a success story on almost conventional lines, of high hopes battling against unmalleable facts, of zeal threatened by inertia, of cups dashed from lips, and of virtuous tenacity at last triumphant with the timely aid in the last chapter of a good fairy in the transparent disguise of Sir Stafford Cripps. Among the chief and most hard working and invincible of the protagonists was the author of this history, in which his own activities are sketched with under-emphasis or a kind of deprecatory pride.

There was talk of a national theatre a hundred years ago. Tom Taylor called for one in the Sixties and was reminded a little sharply that a Mr. Effingham Wilson, publisher, of the Royal Exchange, had anticipated him by a decade. In the Seventies Matthew Arnold and Henry Irving resurrected the proposal, the one ignited by enthusiasm for the *Comédie Française*, the other burned up by the losses on his Shakespearean ventures at the Lyceum. After these decennial efforts little save the heavy breathing of fatigue was heard for another quarter of a century. Then in 1903 a Mr. Badger, who was a successful brewer, wrote to *The Times* a letter which claimed (rather than demonstrated) that Shakespeare had taught him much.

> Of all the luminaries any country has produced, the brightest light is William Shakespeare, and to my thinking his countrymen have, as yet, failed to properly memorialize his marvellous talent as evidenced by his literary and sublime conceptions.

Since Mr. Badger's Shakespearean studies had, in an unspecified manner (which perhaps a NEW STATESMAN competition could uncover) " been an important factor in the success of my career," he himself was offering £1,000 towards the cost of a statue.

Nobody took any notice. But evidently the idea still fidgeted him, for a year later he wrote again, desperately adding another £1,500 to his original bid. This time there was some response. Professor Israel Gollancz entrained for Scarborough to interview the neglected philanthropist and as a result the first of innumerable related committees was formed.

The objective was not merely a monument but an architectural monument. It was felt that nothing less than " another Albert Memorial" was proper to the poet. It was to be designed so as to use up the portly sum of £100,000. Luckily the usual difficulties over siting intervened. Though King Edward VII graciously consented to have the effigy of his grandfather, the Duke of Kent, carted away from Portland Place, it was found that " the Crown Paving Commissioners, after considering the proposal, were advised that they could not authorise ", etcetera, and " the Commissioners of Woods demurred to depriving ", etcetera.

At about the same time William Archer and Granville Barker produced their detailed plan for " A National Theatre : Scheme and Estimates " ; and the Monument Committee were dismayed to find themselves suddenly the object of public attack, initiated in *The Times* by Sir John Hare, from those who considered that the only appropriate Shakespeare Memorial would be a living theatre. They included influential names—Barrie, Pinero, Shaw, Lord Lytton, Ellen Terry, Walkley, the Alfred Lytteltons and hundreds of others. Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, contributed to the controversy in verse, of which the tendency and quality are indicated by his ultimate couplet :

> Raise pedestals to perishable stuff :
> Gods for themselves are monuments enough.

Robert Bridges, a future laureate, wrote no less characteristically, " I think the statue rubbish and an endowed theatre desirable." Thomas Hardy, though in the same camp, entered the prophetic, qualifying caveat, " *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes ?* " Which, in topical terms, might be rendered as : " If Lord Esher is to look after the Old Vic, who is to look after Lord Esher ? "

The result of the controversy was capitulation by the body first in the field and amalgamation on the conciliatory understanding that the bust of Shakespeare should have a National Theatre attached to it.

All was set fair and then the first World War intervened. With the coming of peace, impetus had to be recovered and in this the British Drama League, founded by Mr. Whitworth soon after the Armistice, was a valuable new force. It contributed two things, a broader base to the movement (the League comprises to-day over 6,000 affiliated organisations) and Mr. Whitworth himself as a tireless propagandist. For

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COLLINS

some years the main drive came from his corner, with sympathetic connivance from that devoted fighter, Mrs. Lyttelton. Archer, Courtney, Granville-Barker and the more active minority on the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre Committee, who in 1930 invited Whitworth to succeed Sir Israel Gollancz as their Honorary Secretary.

The last stage was a coalition with the Old Vic and decisive intervention by the Labour Government. In earlier days the movement had despaired of Government help. Indeed, some of its component members were sufficiently doctrinaire to be chary of it. But appeals to private bounty had produced no more than £150,000 throughout the long years, nearly half of which was the single contribution of Sir Carl Meyer and most of the rest of which was capital accretion under his and his son's skilled financial guidance. The three main activities of the Committee had been money-making schemes and appeals, indifferently successful; the search for a suitable site; and resistance, only partially successful, to the continuous importunities for cash from the Old Vic, which could in fact have drained away their precious funds.

Lord Esher, acknowledging the Government grant in the House of Lords, emphasised, no doubt to the gratification of his Socialist peers, how odd it was that we should have had to wait until the country was relatively poor before a Government could afford to tackle either the slums or a National Theatre. He might have added how costly was the delay in solid cash, since a so much larger sum is now involved. Even during the last two or three years, rising prices have increased the cost of the building plans from £1,000,000 to £1,200,000. As a result, the idea of combining two stages and two auditoriums under one roof, which Granville Barker (rightly, I think) considered indispensable, has had to be abandoned. I am sorry indeed that the Joint Committee has acquiesced. The Government or the L.C.C. or both should be approached again. With this one reservation the story ends happily—after a hundred years of campaigning. It required only seventy to achieve the British Museum.

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An entertaining book this, if you are entertained at all by the development of gardens. Most of it is about three gardeners of mark, John Claudius Loudon, William Robinson and Reginald Farrer. Loudon, in spite of Mr. Taylor's advocacy a rather pretentious character out of Scotland, raked together all the sentiment and practice of gardening and prepared for a mid-Victorian eclecticism, half nature, half artifice. He stood for the monkey-puzzle, prophesying its conquest as soon as more seeds were imported from Chile. Robinson the Great reacted against the monkey-puzzle and floundered about in nature's double bed. Farrer liked the plant, the rock plant most of all, more than the garden. Happier in Chinese mountains than in the rock-garden he advocated, most intelligent, most cultured, most peculiar of the trio, he was also one of the remarkable writers of this century. He had his affairs with nature, but the lady cannot have been so sure of his good faith. It was his bed, not hers.

Of the three, Robinson's influence has been overwhelming, and to my eye, but not Mr. Taylor's, it has been a source of disastrous, enervating vulgarity. He is the father of all fat herbaceous borders and all blowsy garden sentiment. BLAST, Mr. Wyndham Lewis might have written in 1914, had gardening seemed to him either an art or worth writing about, BLAST NATURE-RANTS OF ROBINSON AND RAMBLER-ROSES. BLESS RECTANGULAR BACKYARDS AND ARCHITECTURAL PAVIORS. Gardening is nature, art is nature, so gardening is art. That has been the heretical argument, and no doubt it is still believed in the higher circles of the R.H.S. Of course art is not nature—but the opposite—and gardening is not art, but art's country cousin. Desirable and delightful, it is a fancy, like needlework for ladies, carpet-making for the lower deck or sketching for old warriors. I do not know what artists John Claudius Loudon admired. He is affined, though, to the lesser romantic realists of the early nineteenth-century who were concerned with hard detail, bright colour, and a little formality which had to grapple with a great deal of nature. He was a proto-Pre-Raphaelite gardener. Robinson liked Fantin-Latour and the Barbizon painters (and Birket Foster? and Cecil Lawson?). He adored Ruskin. Robinson and Farrer had a row to do with Ruskin and nature and nomenclature. Robinson followed Ruskin "in trying to replace a sound, euphonious, easy, and significant name like 'saxifrage' by the cheap and gratuitous Anglo-French affectation of 'Rock Foil.'" Was Mr. Ruskin beyond the reach of all human criticism?

> Of doubtful mental balance through most of his life, and quite off it in later years, Mr. Ruskin combines, with a great quantity of valuable work, no less a quantity, surely, of fustian and foolishness?

But then Farrer, who could write this or describe an Italian road as being flatter than a bishop's sermon, was not quite so drunk with nature. Delighting in sharp-edged fullnesses of colour, a good verbal artist in his description of plants, he was a country cousin, *qua* gardener, of Bonnard or at least of Gilman, Spencer Gore and Innes. If he had not died plant-hunting in Upper Burma thirty-one years ago, Farrer might well have enjoyed the gardening severities of the South Bank.

So at least I interpret Loudon, Robinson and Farrer from the facts in Mr. Taylor's engaging, civilised, slightly crotchety delineations of them. He thinks that Robinson "maintained the true genius of English gardening." I do not believe that gardening or any other sub-art or any art has "a true genius" or a unifying quality through the ages. I do not know the link between a Robinsonian border and a sixteenth-century parterre or why the one should represent the true genius more than the other. But then in 1951 I am all for keeping nature on a lead and swiping her when need be, all for paving, so long as it is not crazy, and for topiary even, so long as it is not used for Scotch terriers chasing footballs. I support monkey-puzzles and Reg Butler, tulips in tubs and Miro, succulents and tubby domes of discovery.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

DETECTION AND CRIME

An English Murder. By CYRIL HARE. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Strangers in the House. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Routledge.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Opening Night. By NGAIO MARSH. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Diplomat's Folly. By HENRY WADE. *Constable.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Diplomatic Corpse. By PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Death Wish. By VERA CASPARY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Bride Regrets. By MARJORIE CARLETON. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Shadows. By WINIFRED DUKE. *Jarrolds.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Big Fish. By RONALD WILLS. *Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In the present Silver Age of detection, when all the obvious avenues leading to homicide have been explored *ad nauseam*, an author may be forgiven for implementing his crimes with a far-fetched motive. This is Cyril Hare's habit. But, whereas in *Tragedy at Law*, the murderer was actuated by a special legal proviso with which few readers were familiar, in *An English Murder* anyone with a modicum of general knowledge ought to get the answer right. A party of the aristocracy is snow-bound in the family castle over Christmas, while one after another receives the attentions of a killer. Cyril Hare introduces a charming Central European Professor to decipher the business through his grasp of English constitutional history. (The educated reader, however, need not remember what happened to William Pitt in 1789 in order to follow the criminal's logic.) The style of the book is genial, fluent and free from all pretentiousness. Indeed, *An English Murder* is just what it should be, a pattern of gentlemanly detection.

For French murders Simenon is in a class by himself. Disdaining to pose mechanical problems, he uses crime as a peg on which to hang his own subtle observations of human nature. In *The Strangers in the House* the central character is a middle-aged lawyer, long sunk in drink and despondency, who hears a bang in the middle of the night and is sufficiently roused to go round his house to see what is going on. He finds a total stranger expiring in a bed in the attic, and is jerked out of his sodden lethargy into a search for the truth. There follows one of those masterly descriptions of the sordid under-currents beneath the placid surface of French provincial life. And this Rip Van Winkle of a lawyer, returning to consciousness, is so brilliantly conceived that one wishes Simenon would discard detective Maigret in future, when he can invent such admirable substitutes.

The first night of the new play at the Vulcan Theatre in London was a roaring success. One of the principal actors, however, was unable to take the final curtain call, as he had received a more peremptory summons from call-boy death off-stage. This theatrical plot fits well with Miss Marsh's preference for exaggerated characters in emotional situations; and she is thoroughly at home in the wings with a pack of actors and actresses locked in the grip of rehearsals and jealous intrigue. The solution, although it casts its long shadow before, is clever enough to catch the unwary napping. *Opening Night* can

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be thoroughly recommended as a specimen of Miss Marsh at her best.

Diplomat's Folly, diffidently labelled "a police novel," brings our old friend Henry Wade back to detection. A distinguished British diplomatist is troubled by blackmail, and calls in some Bulldog Drummond types to extricate him—with disastrous consequences. The eventual murder occurs in the vicinity of Oxford; yet even this homely setting is unrecognisable owing to the intrusion of alien elements. To introduce the French Resistance in a plot is like introducing a wood-beetle to furniture; it never fails to eat away the vitals and leave a hollow mockery. *Diplomat's Folly* is riddled with the pest; and no plugging the holes on the part of the author can save his otherwise excellent carpentry from falling flat.

By a coincidence another *Diplomatic Corpse* originates from another old friend. The confusion of events and exuberance of spirit in Miss Taylor's new book are utterly bewildering in combination. Asey Mayo, let off the leash after years of inactivity, goes bounding about Cape Cod with his cronies like a liberated puppy. I can appreciate the solution, when it is ascribed to a typical Cape Cod motive; but the rest of the proceedings is beyond me. There is a cemetery, where the body is found and all the suspects congregate; a pageant with plenty of false beards; and the usual emphasis on motor-cars being borrowed or stolen. There may even be a plot, which I was not lucky enough to come across. But I imagine that Miss Taylor may not have wished to interrupt the carefree jollity of Cape Cod with anything so conventional.

An elegant lady of great charm and vitality swallows an overdose of sleeping tablets, but is brought back to life in hospital. Attempted murder or genuine suicide? The lady does not even know herself, as she loses her memory of the occurrence. The puzzle of whose was *The Death Wish* is only to be deciphered after a searching investigation into the state of mind of the lady's entourage, conducted in rich, emotional prose. Although altogether irregular in her methods, Miss Vera Caspary deserves a place on the detective list for her dexterity in keeping us in nagging suspense.

The Bride Regrets is a crime novel, based straightforwardly on Brides-in-the-Bath-Smith. But for sensational purposes Miss Carleton traduces that talented murderer: her fictional Smith would scare any bride out of her wits, long before submergence in the bath. The real Smith was a gentle, considerate fellow, and a fine craftsman: his victims never realised his intentions until their last few seconds under water.

In the next crime novel, Miss Duke loads the dice on the side of wickedness. Her virtuous characters are too stupid to compete with a female blackmailer, even when she extends her villainy to murder. For those who expect evil to triumph in this sinful world *Shadows* will bring gloomy corroboration.

The Big Fish can be recommended as an exciting thriller with a substratum of detection. The setting is present-day Occupied Germany, where the minor bureaucrats of the Allied Control Commission are hard put to it to earn their pay by orthodox means. The author describes the domestic imbroglios of these small fry with the gusto induced by intimate knowledge. The big fish, however, by rights should get away; and it is only by a fantastic exercise of the imagination that Mr. Wills manages to hook him.

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THE LAST OF THE KNIGHTS

George Wyndham: A Study in Toryism. By JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 18*s*.

The end of the nineteenth century witnessed the birth of a new kind of sensibility, what might be called the cult of the Very Rare Person. As though unconsciously reacting to the disintegration of society—divorcées at court, Jim Bradys in Park Lane—small groups of men and women attracted to each other by wit, wealth, looks and ties of kinship formed a number of loosely exclusive sets. Henry James has immortalised these cliques in fiction. They find ideal expression in the creatures of exquisite discrimination and sympathy who perambulate slowly through the pages of his later novels. After Wilfrid Blunt's Crabbet Club came the fabulous Souls. To those, like Mrs. Asquith, who were inside the charmed circle, the Souls appeared only an "unconscious and accidental grouping of brilliant, sincere and loyal friends." (To those outside, they must have seemed dynastic and gushing, a kind of private Grand Whiggery formed for the purpose of mutual admiration.) Yet Balfour was right when he said that "no history of our time will be complete unless the influence of the Souls upon society is dispassionately and accurately recorded."

Prominent among the Souls was Wilfrid Blunt's cousin, George Wyndham. "Tall, erect, exquisitely attired, with the figure of an Adonis, a head with perfect features, big, bright, dark eyes and well defined dark eyebrows, the whole surmounted by thick wavy silver hair and a well trimmed moustache of military character . . ." he might have sat for a composite portrait of the Edwardian English Gentleman. A scholar, a foxhunter and a politician, Wyndham was the *beau ideal* of the "good all-rounder." His animal spirits carried him over large stretches of mental country—Shakespeare's Sonnets, Wagner, Gaelic verse, church architecture, psychical research and the poets of the Pleiad. A soldier and country squire, he was a man of great loyalties and depth of feeling, "the last of the Knights" as Chesterton called him. Though a High Tory, Wyndham favoured votes for women, less, one suspects, because he was affected by political arguments for enfranchisement, than from a chivalrous regard for the weaker sex. Political life was a great deal muddier in some ways then than it is now, yet M.P.'s were far more affected by the breath of scandal. This did not prevent Wyndham jeopardising his career by visiting Wilde after the libel case against Queensberry had collapsed, and urging him to flee the country. It is, as his present biographer remarks, "significant that he only showed any affection to his cousin, Lord Alfred Douglas, when the latter had been 'smashed' by the Ransome libel case."

All this makes up the portrait of an attractive personality. Yet Wyndham's life, even if he had not died at the early age of fifty, must be reckoned a failure. "He was," wrote Mrs. Asquith in her *Autobiography*, "more interested in literature than politics, and with a little self-discipline, might have been eminent in both." This probably correct verdict suggests that Wyndham fell a victim to the nemesis that attends the amateur. Yet his capacity for fitful bouts of hard work—he was Under-Secretary for War during the Boer War and, as Irish Chief Secretary, was responsible for the famous Land Act of 1902—suggests that this is not the whole truth. In spite of his ebullient extroversion, Wyndham was something of an actor, with much of the actor's innate self-distrust. His letters show him always watching himself giving a performance—as a Guardee or a back-bencher, a Roger de Coverley or a Robin Goodfellow. Even when alone and on horseback, he was aware of being judged and watched by unseen companions. Such fantasies cannot but dry the springs of the life of action.

As a young man, fighting the Mahdists in Africa, he wrote that, "when we face danger, all the Norsemen sit up in their mounds. When we love, all the ladies dance and all the lovely knights will us to be true and gentle." An unabashed romantic, Wyndham lived his make-believe. In this he was typical of his generation. The young men who played moonlight tennis naked till dawn in the dew at Crabbet, sat up sonneteering at Clouds and drank to each other as the future Cabinet of 1910, sought to recreate a legend. In the heat and murk of the materialist turn of the century, they saw themselves as new Athenians, imposing a Periclean order of talent and aristocracy upon an empire on which the sun never set. It was a romantic and not ignoble conception but it took no account of the spirit of the age. The future lay not with the Wyndhams and Custs and Curzons but with Milner's Kindergarten and the men of Brummagem and Bewley.

Though his *Life and Letters* make good bedside reading, Wyndham is not really a suitable subject for a biography. He is his own best impresario and his life lacks the dynamic that would make any re-interpretation valuable. Mr. Biggs-Davison disclaims the intention of writing anything but "a study in Toryism" and his straightforward narrative of Edwardian political life is vivid enough. He succeeds, I think, in persuading us that Wyndham's fall was the result of circumstances and his own chivalry, and in no way engineered. The Chief Secretary was not "thrown to the wolves" by Balfour (as Asquith thought), nor was he betrayed by Sir Alexander MacDonnell. He fell a victim to muddle and Ulster Unionist suspicions.

For the rest, this is an irritating book (in parts, even a silly one), full of self-conscious "Church and State" paradoxes that smack of the undergraduate debater. The earlier chapters are padded out with a great deal of Guedallaish background ("The Crimea was a memory of one's fathers, and, though the Empire had its growing pains, there were no storm-clouds over the South African veld"), interspersed with much melancholy head-shaking over the passing of the good old days and ways. Yet something in the tone of Mr. Biggs-Davison's writing suggests that he is not altogether on easy terms with the kind of society whose decay he so continuously laments.

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Three Straight Sticks. By R. E. S. WYATT. *Stanley Paul.* 12s. 6d.

Reflective in its own fashion of social change, the whole fabric and administration of sport, so long accepted without question, is now being probed. Professional soccer, the present opiate of the masses—Tottenham Hotspur are to the working man what the Diaghileff Ballet was to the aesthete—has recently had its going over. Cricket is now having its turn. The themes most common to new cricket books are suggested reforms in playing arrangements, treatments of pitches, wages, administration, selection of teams, and revolutionary proposals to alter the fixture lists. Cricket books are no longer written in the pastoral manner, any more than modern poetry can be seriously pastoral. Organisation has become more brutally industrial, the pattern economic rather than ethical, imagery and idiom altogether more technical and specialised. The moral concept of "playing the game" carried to the outposts of Empire with only ephemeral benefit is now regarded quite simply as a liability to its exponents. Discipline in the fulfilment of the sporting code is dictated largely by fear of reprisals.

In this state of affairs the aesthetics of sport are a by-product of technique, as in Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon* and de Montherlant's *Paysage Olympique*. In that remarkable essay, de Montherlant, who in 1919, when Gide was editor, contributed a monthly sporting article to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, quotes a sentence by Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympics: "*Le sport n'est qu'un adjuvant indirect de la morale.*" That, and it is the classical view, has since become unfashionable, received even with distrust by those who attend sporting dinners; but whether this is more due to Body Line bowling, the effects of the Berlin Olympiad, South American football festivals or to the exploitation of future intellectuals by the sporting élite at public schools, it is difficult to say. Montherlant, anyway, strikes a blow for it, and as determinedly anti-intellectual as Hemingway, has stated that on his deathbed he might like most of all to remember the best pass made at football or feel again the moment when the runner draws away from the rest of the field; certainly he would not occupy himself with analysing why the Midi has failed to produce any poets. The beauty of sport, *la grâce humaine*, he defines as morality.

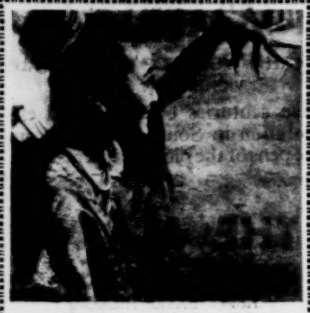
In Europe, games are played largely to express the aesthetic qualities of the body; the English, however, in a typical reversal of ends and means, practise physical fitness so that they can play games better. But the fact that for the moment the pre-eminence of England in sport has ceased, has led to a ruthless scrutiny of the conditions under which Englishmen play. Mr. Lyle Blair, Australian co-author with Mr. Rex Warner of *Ashes to Ashes*, would like to see the county cricket programme cut down to one match a week, England re-divided geographically into new playing leagues and the "slavery of professionalism" removed. Many leading players, Washbrook for example, have expressed similar views. Others believe, and with some reason, that a team as good as the present English one could be picked from outside county cricket, from League clubs especially, a source completely neglected.

Mr. Rex Warner, however, clings for avowedly emotional reasons to the present county system and to the institution of the professional. He believes, correctly enough, that English loyalties are to the club and county, more than to the country—"it is the winding river valley rather than the enormous desert square"—but he agrees with Mr. Blair that the M.C.C. should be displaced from their dictatorial position, a point on which nearly every critic of whatever nationality is also agreed. All in all *Ashes to Ashes* is a lighthearted but none the less serious exchange of letters on the recent M.C.C. tour of Australia, and a keenly critical, if not always practical, analysis of the results. Mr. Warner is admirably optimistic, and whether his optimism is justified or not, his correspondence with Mr. Blair makes a refreshing addition to the literature of a tour that has already this month resulted in nine full-length books.

Mr. Keith Miller, an Adonis who would delight the eye of de Montherlant, is probably the greatest all-round cricketer in the world, and he and Mr. Whitington, an Australian journalist, have their suggestions for the improvement of English cricket too. But most of their book, as well as including a report on the 1950–1951 Tests, contains a revealing account of the recent Australian tour of South Africa with, running through the cricket commentary, a nostalgic comparison of the comfort, pleasure and civilised delights of the Union to the raw, uncultured puritanism of Australian society. Much however can be learned from *Catch* about the last series of Tests that will not be found in most of the English correspondents' books, for in part at any rate it happens to be by a practising cricketer. *Cricket Task-Force*, by W. J. O'Reilly, the best spin bowler of our time, is the tenth account of the same Tests. But there comes a time when, no matter how distinguished the writer, the same melancholy facts can afford no fresh reconstruction.

Autobiographies by famous cricketers are interesting as a rule only to addicts and bibliophiles. Mr. R. E. S. Wyatt's *Three Straight Sticks* will be found to be a reasonably good example of its kind.

ALAN ROSS



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Baron at the Ballet. Photographs by BARON. Commentary by ARNOLD HASKELL. *Collins.* 30s.

Margot Fonteyn. By GORDON ANTHONY. *Phoenix House.* 12s. 6d.

Fonteyn. By WILLIAM CHAPPELL. *Rockliff.* 21s.

Degas Dancers. By LILIAN BROWSE. *Faber.* 84s.

The volume which Mr. Beaton blandly entitles *Ballet* is little more than a haphazard compilation of photographs and memories, a scrap-book in fact—which is no denigration. Why, even *Horizon* once described a scrap-book of Beaton's as "poignant . . . formidable . . . inexorable . . . evanescent" and as "a *corbeille de fleurs* . . . a delightful *divertissement* . . . a *bombe en surprise* . . . a book in *paillettes*." That was in 1941. During the last ten years Beaton has gone from strength to strength, but the *paillettes* seem to have tarnished—at least to judge from his latest publication. In this, our foremost arbiter of smart taste harks back forty years or more to when he first fell in love with the ballet, to the days of the Palace Girls and Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, whose abandoned gambols, the author confesses, he used to emulate in the bathroom. Maud Allan, Pavlova and Adeline Genée were next the objects of his inordinate admiration and they were only supplanted in his heart by Diaghileff's constellation. Mr. Beaton's memories are not much more interesting than the recollections of any other garrulous balletophil: they are merely more vividly expressed. Examples of Beatonese: "a positive glut of pert Columbines in the wings" or "the peasant audience—who are probably sharing their one-roomed communal flats with at least half a dozen other workers—dribble with awe" (in the Bolshoi Theatre). Beaton's account of post-Diaghileff and contemporary dancing is less satisfactory than earlier passages, because he forsakes the nostalgic vein which suits him best for dull reportage about his own work in the world of ballet. Much as one enjoys Beaton's decor for *Apparitions*, it is a bore to read how greatly everybody else does; and though, as a rule, I admire the elegance and charm of Mr. Beaton's photographs, the plates in this book are uneven, while the drawings in the text are lamentable. Surely such a genuine case of balletomania should have produced something more interesting than this little potboiler.

Baron's album is a more ambitious—perhaps too ambitious—compilation of "the fruits of ten years (leaving out the war period) of ballet photography." One wishes he and Mr. Haskell had been less repetitive in their selection (no less than seven full-page photographs of one scene from Roland Petit's *Carmen* and ten from *Le Jeune Homme et La Mort*), for Baron is a very variable technician. At its worst, his work is crude and vulgar, largely because technique is sacrificed to tricky effects. Look how he underlights backgrounds and burns up form and features with searing lights (page 123 for example). But at their best Baron's photographs are dramatically composed and vivid, full of movement and atmosphere, though never, as Messrs. Haskell and Sitwell claim, works of art. Most successful are his action photographs which convey something of the ballet, even when taken in the studio. Least successful are his inane over-posed portraits, such as the one of Toumanova on page 127 and of Eglevsky on page 182, and the usual quota of garish colour plates. Considering the size of this book—it contains nearly three hundred photographs—the price is remarkably low.

Gordon Anthony's work is very different from Baron's, but it also suffers from mannerisms; in Anthony's case these take the form of trick shadows and faked textures. Anthony's faults—his touch is gentle to the point of gentility, his effects tend to be contrived—are the results of his approach. Rightly or wrongly, he concen-

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trates on the pretty and sentimental, as opposed to the lyrical. Most of these sensitive and technically accomplished studies of Margot Fonteyn at all stages of her career reveal him at his most typical; Mr. Anthony accompanies his photographs with biographical notes, while his sister, Dame Ninette de Valois, contributes a short appreciation of the ballerina. Margot Fonteyn is also the subject of William Chappell's new book, though the huge heavily scented bouquets under which Chappell buries her are a far more elaborate and pietistical offering. Even her most fervent admirers may find it exaggerated, which is regrettable because few other dancers write as ably about the ballet as Mr. Chappell. He warns the reader in a foreword that "who(ever) looks in the ensuing pages for a biography is liable to be disappointed." How right! *Impressions of a Ballerina*, as this book is sub-titled, consists of a few personal reminiscences, a few generalisations, but mostly of solid hunks of unqualified praise. A random example:

> Fonteyn has reached a point in her career where as a perfect example of a ballerina, she is unable to give a bad performance. She can only show various grades of excellence, ranging from good to superlative.

The book is embellished with "forty exclusive camera studies by Cecil Beaton," many of which are virtually the same as those in Beaton's own publication, and with some whimsical drawings by the protean author.

It was indeed a tragedy for Miss Browse that M. Lemoisne's magnificent *Catalogue Raisonné* of Degas' work—one of the most beautiful art books published since the war—appeared after her *Degas Dancers* had gone to press, for otherwise this volume might have included more correct information. One would pass over many errors were it not for the fact that *Degas Dancers* claims to be a work of scholarship which is recommended to students. In a highly coloured passage, for example, Miss Browse maintains that Degas "could not resist (making) a last pictorial appreciation" of the ballet, so moved was he by Diaghileff's company which visited Paris in 1909, and that these pastels "represent a swan-song in the long partnership of painter and dancer." If only this fanciful contention were true! But in fact the pictures which Miss Browse has in mind (she reproduces a mere two out of a total fourteen) depict a troupe of Russian dancers who appeared at the *Folies Bergère* in 1895. By 1908 already Degas was incapable of clearly seeing a spectacle on the stage—he was too blind—let alone of drawing it. Apart from being an exceptionally glossy (and expensive) picture book, *Degas Dancers* is commendable only for the technical notes on dancing which Miss Browse provides.

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Of London and Londoners. By ANTHONY WEYMOUTH. *Williams & Norgate.* 21s.

An Encyclopedia of London. By WILLIAM KENT. *Dent.* 20s.

With truthful modesty hundreds of Londoners must be making the little joke daily. "Of course," we say to visitors from abroad who have been telling us about some ancient ceremony in the Bloody Tower, "I hardly know London at all—one doesn't if one *lives* in a place, does one?" And the Parisian smiles and politely says he's never been to Versailles, the New Yorker that the only time he's seen the view from the top of the Empire State Building was in a cinema. But Londoners certainly take more pleasure than Parisians or Romans in the fact that they are able to take their town so much for granted, and they resent the irritating type of person who spends his Saturday afternoons straying into parts of London where he has no business to be and humiliating them with such remarks as "I found a little gem of a church when I was wandering in Wapping yesterday—I think it must be an early Gibbs," or "Of course, you know that lovely Queen Anne terrace just near the Blackwall Tunnel"; and we who so rarely leave the well-worn grooves that conduct our lives feel that such erudition should be left to foreigners. Certainly it is the non-English who have written best about London; one thinks back to the masterpieces of evocation which it has inspired—the wonderful passage in Chateaubriand's *Memoires d'outre-tombe* where he wanders, a starving refugee, through the town and whispers to himself "Little do they know that the author of *René* is among them" as he watches the concourse in Hyde Park; or the description of the London night in parts of *The Princess Casamassima* which came out of the first two years of James's residence in London—or Casanova making the half-world of Covent Garden shine brilliant with excess of dark.

Among the best books on London I have come across are Paul Bourget's *Esquisses de Londres* and Capek's *Letters from London*; they do not, like Canaletto, translate London into terms of the Boulevard or the quays of Prague—they seek out and tease and reveal. In *This Other London* one hoped Mr. Paul Elek would do the same, and his promise that he records "only the out-of-the-way, the barely respectable and their human significance" is inviting. We look forward to some modern versions of Mayhew's magnificent conversation with lights-o'-love and bullies. But instead we are taken for a polite Saturday afternoon walk through Mayfair and other pleasant districts with an excursion to Chelsea or Hampstead to satisfy any touch of Dorian Gray we may have. Mr. Elek is a pleasant and informed guide, but he seems to have lived in London too long to see it and its life with the revealing detachment of Bourget or Capek; he writes with too much knowledge, as a commuter, an inhabitant of the grooves. His book should be invaluable to visitors from abroad who wish to be initiated to the contrasting *mores* of the various London districts. It has been illustrated by Mr. David Knight, who shows himself a topographical draughtsman of great intelligence and talent.

The other three books on my list belong to the familiar genre of the London history book. Mr. Douglas Newton and Mr. Anthony Weymouth stir up memories of the pleasures of third-form history lessons or a visit to the London Museum. How nice to read once again of Canute, Hardicanute (Cnut and Harthacnut to Mr. Weymouth) or Harold Hardrada, to remember that it was on Ebbsfleet that St. Augustine landed, or to be told, precisely, how Captain Blood managed to charm a pardon out of Charles II. Without any attempt at literary distinction Mr. Weymouth has clearly had the modest aim of producing a dish of historical dainties, and anybody who has the gusto for such things should enjoy his book.

Mr. Newton's book is bigger stuff, written with imagination and a sensitive prose style. It appears as one of a series in which a long book is devoted to each of various parts of London, a series which should be a real contribution to the factual history of the city. Mr. Newton has not aimed at any simple compilation from source books and as soon as he emerges from the Dark Ages, where none but scholars are at ease enough to exercise the imagination, he interprets his material with all the necessary feeling for associations and ratiocinations.

Mr. William Kent is the acknowledged scholar of London and its history, and his monumental *Encyclopedia of London* has for many years been the best book of its kind. In this new edition much material has been added, excised or brought up to date. Mr. Kent refuses to write impersonally even in the uncongenial setting of nine-point type on a two-columned page. In Lempriére's or the Fowlers' manner he allows himself a little humour. The Savage Club, he tells us, has no connection with savages as "ordinarily understood." The range of information is vast; here you may learn that Alexis Soyer, the great chef, was buried in Kensal Green, that Mr. Churchill said to Mr. Winant on being discovered naked at 10, Downing Street, "That's all right, Britain has nothing to hide," or that Sir Walter Scott said of Holland House, "It resembles many matrons, who, having been absolutely ugly during youth, acquire by age the air of dignity." It is a masterpiece of its kind.

MICHAEL SWAN

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The number of post-war novelists is very large, but if you can name six within a minute you are doing very well. Nor has any single writer of the post-war generation achieved either the prestige which Aldous Huxley had in 1924 or the kind of success that Norman Mailer has had in America at the present time. The well-known new novelists of the Fifties—making the assumption, in all its hubristic optimism, that the Fifties are going to run to well-known novelists at all—have perhaps still to publish their phenomenal first novels. Yet there are a few post-war novelists who are emerging, with more recognisable names, more completely established themes, with personalities that grow harder at the edges, with tricks that become more obvious and irritating, but also perhaps with subtleties and profundities which at long last claim our aberrant, myopic attention. Of these Mr. Francis King is one.

His name is already recognisable (*To the Dark Tower, An Air That Kills*) and his literary personality has always been pretty hard at the edges. It is marked off, for one thing, by a striking capacity for presenting widely diverse types of character. He is particularly good with spartan, Fascist-minded, soldierly men—there is a

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very telling portrait in his present book of an ex-Burma hero—but he can do children and old people, Italians and English, rich and poor, with such sympathy that for once one really needs the information—often so painfully unnecessary—which is provided by the publisher. (Mr. King was in fact born in 1923 and went to Shrewsbury and Balliol.) It is perhaps more relevant to Mr. King's cosmopolitanism as a novelist that he seems to have spent much of his life abroad, but his ubiquitous unsentimental sympathy gives the effect, not of reporting, but of a kind of professional creativeness which is unusual and impressive. In *The Dividing Stream*, it is true, this isn't quite perfect; Max, who is American, is never convincingly American as the diverse English are all convincingly English and the diverse Italians all Italian.

But that doesn't matter very much. A novel that opens with style and pace, that gathers momentum as it gathers weight, that combines insight into character with brilliantly restrained evocations of place, that is voluptuously readable without ever being merely expert, can carry a few imperfections. *The Dividing Stream* is a formidably ambitious book—Mr. King is, with reason, a formidably ambitious writer—and the theme is on a formidable scale. Briefly, it is a theme of reconciliation, of the reconciliation of a group of diverse antagonistic characters after the faithlessness and cruelty, the heat and the dust and the spiritual luxury of a long Florentine summer. Formidable indeed; a theme of love beyond the reach of talent to convey. Something more than the Americanism of an American has eluded Mr. King, and when I reached the end of this impressive piece of work my impression was of its falling between two stools—although perhaps one might say between a stool and a throne—in achieving neither the authority of a major novel nor the neatness of a minor one. Nevertheless it is impressive: if I were a novel-of-the-year club I should put *The Dividing Stream* aside for Christmas reading.

I had not previously read any of the novels of M. Ramuz, the Swiss peasant novelist whose fame only quite recently, and belatedly, reached this country, but I found that *The Life of Samuel Belet* contained no surprises. The life story of a Swiss peasant—ambitions to be a school teacher, an unhappy love affair, exile in Paris, return to Switzerland, marriage, old age—is absolutely straightforward, and in its freshness, solidity and maturity it provides the qualities that one finds attractive about Switzerland. Belet, one feels, is *the* Swiss peasant, abnormal only in that when he is old he decides to put it all down on paper, and we are given to understand that *The Life of Samuel Belet* is in fact approximately the life of M. Ramuz. It would be impossible to read it without respect, and as a piece of writing it is done with a self-concealing skill which draws one on. Attractive as this simple chronicle is, however, it would not do to go beyond this and claim any grandeurs for it.

Sicily Street, which like *The Life of Samuel Belet*, gives the impression of being well translated, is an unduly fantastic novel about a rich boy being kidnapped by a gang of criminal children. Its intermittent absurdity doesn't damn it, but it does damage what has the makings of an odd and original novel—original even although the criminal children are very Gidean, the detective has touches of Simenon and there is an atmosphere that recalls *Brighton Rock*. Cric Stein is waiting for his father's car to pick him up outside his tutor's when a young girl, under the pretence of selling him pornographic photographs, lures him off to a cellar. There the gang keep him while they try to get money out of his parents. This situation has many possibilities, and M. Masson seems often to be on the point of realising one of them. But no understanding comes to either side; the children remain consistently malevolent, and Cric remains scared and deeply conscious of the gulf of class. Perhaps that was what M. Masson intended, but it gives at the end a curious effect that throughout the book nothing—except physical action—really happens. One reads on to find out what the end is going to be, but when it is reached one feels that one has somehow been fobbed off with a kind of high-class thriller.

J. D. SCOTT

GUIDEBOOKS

About Britain Guidebooks. General Editor GEOFFREY GRIGSON: 1, West Country; 2, Wessex (Geoffrey Grigson). 3, Home Counties (R. S. R. Fitter). 4, East Anglia (R. H. Mottram). 5, Chilterns to Black Country (W. G. Hoskins). 6, South Wales and the Marches; 7, North Wales and the Marches (W. J. Gruffydd). 8, East Midlands and the Peak (W. G. Hoskins). 9, Lancashire and Yorkshire (Leo Walmsley). 10, The Lakes to Tyneside (Sid Chaplin). 11, The Lowlands of Scotland (John R. Allan). 12, The Highlands and Islands of Scotland (Alastair Dunnett). 13, Northern Ireland (E. Estyn Evans). *Collins*. 3*s*. 6*d*. each.

Guidebooks, no less than poetry, pottery and philosophy, can reflect the sensibilities and preoccupations of a period. The early nineteenth-century traveller, conditioned, however unconsciously, by Gilpin and other amateurs of the picturesque, was always on the look-out for the striking point of view, nature composing a romantic or agreeable picture. So a guidebook of 1816 is constantly begging the traveller to stop and regard:

> At the same time this fine waterfall is embellished by large trees, which shoot from the summit of the mountain into the clouds, and on its front, by lofty firs and rocks, so as altogether to form a picture the most delightful as well as extraordinary.

At other times the emphasis has been on romantic history and legend (Queen Elizabeth's beds and King Charles's oak-trees), antiquities, geology, or architecture. The ethos of the early hiking period was well served by guides of the *Ambles and Rambles in Barsetshire* order: confidential tips about the draught perry at the *Weasel and Zany*, the sylvan camp-site in Narrow Bottom. And of course, flourishing in all periods, there has been the practical guidebook, of which I select a nostalgic example from Baedeker's *Great Britain*, 1887.

> For the first part of the route even pedestrians may follow the road; but whether walking or driving the traveller should go by the lovely Hobby Drive (p. 151) for the first 3 M. The mail-brake takes this route in summer, and it is as easy to catch the Bude coach at the London Lodge of the Hobby as at Clovelly Cross.

One characteristic common to all these types is their indifference to the permanent inhabitants of the county or region they describe, except as adjuncts to a view or an anecdote. Abstracting certain qualities, they present a countryside in terms of prospects, churches, folk-lore, ruins, pubs, or time-tables, and make no attempt to see it as an organic unity.

The slant in our time is towards the hard and nubbly rather than the vague and sentimental—we prefer the architectural to the picturesque, the sociological to the romantic. This is apparent in the new About Britain series, sponsored by the Festival Office, and sold at a remarkably low price through a subsidy which is the Brewers Society's contribution to our junketings. But as well as any guidebooks of the last hundred years these guides do, within their limited space, attempt a comprehensive view. They take in people, animals and insects; flowers and crops; sports and trades; markets and buildings; standing stones and ruins; mountains, quarries and mines. They presuppose an intelligent, inquiring traveller, who wants to feel the bones of a region, as a framework for particular impressions; who asks for the facts of geology, industry, history, climate and agriculture, which give solidity to a landscape and transform a view from a temporary and personal impression into a significant experience.

This aim is realised in the first and longest section of each guidebook, A Portrait. I imagine that the many-sidedness of these Portraits is part of the plan laid down by the general editor, but the headings within the section show that plenty of scope was allowed for variations between region and region, writer and writer. Here are a few: The Wild Gardens of London, Piltdown Man and Swanscombe Man (*Home Counties*); The Eternal Landing Party, Weather and Wilderness, Wealth from the Sheep's Back (*East Anglia*); Private Palaces, Peculiar Industries, and the Dry Fly (*Wessex*); The Automobile Towns, the Meadow Canals (*Chilterns to Black Country*); Castles, Wool from Slate (*North Wales*); The Shifting Shapes of the Mountains, Wensleydale Cheese and Cleveland Iron (*Lakes to Tyneside*). The picturesque element is mainly supplied in the photographs—a thought too luridly in the coloured ones—though here, too, the spires of Oxford are doubled up with a battery of pot-banks at Stoke, yachts racing at Burnham-on-Crouch with the Ford Works at Dagenham, the Harecastle Canal with Etruria and its coal-tips.

The Portrait is followed by six suggested tours. They are intelligently planned to give the motorist or cyclist an idea of the district in a short time: but to many their value will be seriously impaired by the accompanying strip maps, "somewhat after the style of the road maps first made by John Ogilby." But Ogilby's strips illustrated the road

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from A to B, where the journey ran on the whole in one direction, and the convention of a straight strip did not grossly outrage the realities of the compass. Most of the present tours, however, are circular, starting and ending at the same place: so that for a tour that begins and ends at Caernarvon you find Caernarvon at the foot of the strip, follow the road right up it, and there is Caernarvon again at the top. Persons with a sense of direction and a liking for maps will find this infuriating, even though the convention allows room for informative little notes and pictures at each side of the strip.

Rounding each guidebook off in a business-like way is a selective gazetteer prepared by H. G. Stokes. Here is a sample.

> GILSLAND, *Cumberland*. Small spa, (chalybeate waters) placed where the river Irthing comes down from the moors. Handy for the Roman Wall (q.v.). Haltwhistle 5 m. E.S.E.

The real Baedeker note; but I have dredged the set in vain for mention of a mail-brake.

JANET ADAM SMITH

REPRINTS

THERE have been the following new additions to standard series. To The New Phœnix Library (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. each), T. F. Powys's *Mr. Weston's Good Wine*, Corvo's *Hadrian the Seventh*, and Stendhal's *Charterhouse of Parma* (Scott-Moncrieff's translation). To the Chiltern Library (John Lehmann, 10s. 6d.), Melville's *Billy Budd*, and to the Mariners Library (Rupert Hart-Davis, 8s. 6d.), Weston Martyr's *£200 Millionaire*. To the World's Classics (Oxford University Press, 4s. 6d), Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and to Everyman's Library (Dent, 4s. 6d.), Robert Lynd's *Essays on Life and Literature*. To the Muses Library (Routledge, 10s. 6d.), *Selected Poems of John Clare*, edited by Geoffrey Grigson. To Macdonald's Illustrated Classics, Dickens's *Great Expectations*, with original pictures by Marcus Stone (9s. 6d.). To Cassell's Pocket Library (6s. each), F. L. Lucas's *Studies in French and English*, Doris Langley Moore's biography of *E. Nesbit*, Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Sussex Gorse* and *Susan Spray*, Warwick Deeping's *Old Pybus*, James Harpole's *The White-Coated Army*, and Robert Graves's *Golden Fleece* (this one 7s. 6d.).

Methuen's have embarked on a new series of reprints of Wyndham Lewis's works: the first to appear is *Tarr* (9s. 6d.). *Nature in Downland*, *A Hind in Richmond Park*, and *The Purple Land* are added to the uniform edition of W. H. Hudson (Dent, 7s. 6d. each); a new volume, containing *Adam in Moonshine* and *Benighted*, has appeared in Heinemann's collected edition of J. B. Priestley's plays (10s. 6d.). Cassell's have started the Hallam Edition of Stefan Zweig, of which *Kaleidoscope Two* has just appeared (8s. 6d.). *The Lost Girl*, *Women in Love*, *England My England*, all with introductions by Richard Aldington, have been added to the pocket edition of D. H. Lawrence (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. each), and Catherine Carswell's life of Lawrence, *The Savage Pilgrimage*, is reprinted by Secker & Warburg (12s. 6d.).

Scholarly works lately reissued include two volumes of the Cresset Press's Introductions to English Literature (10s. 6d. each): *Augustans and Romantics*, by H. V. D. Dyson and John Butt, *The Victorians and After*, by Edith C. Batho and Bonamy Dobree (both revised); Charles Williams's *The Descent of the Dove* (Faber, 15s.), L. C. Knights's *Drama and Society in the Age of Jonson* (Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d.), Hans Hecht's *Robert Burns* (Hodge, 12s. 6d.), and Catherine Carswell's *Life of Robert Burns* (Chatto and Windus, 16s.). E. G. Browne's classic travel book, *A Year Amongst the Persians*, appears with a memoir by Sir Denison Ross (Black, 30s.). Hume Brown's standard *History of Scotland* has been revised by Dr. H. W. Meikle, who has added some new chapters, and many new illustrations (Oliver & Boyd, 12s. 6d.). Herbert Read has revised his *Collected Essays in Literary Criticism* (Faber, 18s.). Rupert Hart-Davis has published a new edition of Keynes's *Essays in Persuasion*, and *Essays in Biography*, with some additions (10s. 6d. each volume).

Cyril Connolly has written a new introduction for the new edition of Palinurus's *The Unquiet Grave* (Hamish Hamilton, 8s. 6d.). Robin Flower's translation of Tomas O'Crohan's *The Islandman* has been reprinted by Oxford University Press at 12s. 6d.

Traherne's *Centuries of Meditations* is available again (Dobell, 15s.), with a new introduction by John Hayward; so, too, is George Rylands's Shakespeare anthology, *The Ages of Man* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.).

New Penguins include ten Evelyn Waugh titles (1s. 6d. each), Hasek's *Good Soldier Schweik* (2s. 6d.), T. S. Stribling's *Fombombo* (2s.). Stuart Piggott's *Prehistoric India* is a new Pelican Double Volume (2s. 6d.) and Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, in a new translation by Alan Russell, appears as a Penguin Classic (2s. 6d.). The three new King Penguins (4s.) are Oliver Warner's *Crown Jewels*, Speed's *Atlas of England and Wales*, and Ackermann's *Cambridge*.

Eyes in Industry. By D. A. CAMPBELL, W. J. B. RIDDELL, and A. S. MCNALTY. *Longmans*. 30s.

This book was written as part of a scheme to encourage interest and research in Industrial Ophthalmology. The scheme was financed by a well-known firm of manufacturing chemists: the money was given to the Oxford Ophthalmic Appeal, and to founding an Institute of Ophthalmology in London. The book is in three parts—Eyesight and Work—Visual Hazards—Special Aspects of Industrial Injuries and the Psychology of Vision. It is clearly written and well illustrated, although lay readers, for whom the book is intended, may trip over some of the medical terms. The emphasis is on better care of the eyes and its relation to efficiency in production and the prevention of eye injuries. Three main facts stand out. Most injuries are preventable; when they do occur prompt and simple treatment will often prevent blindness; the economic results of eye-testing and well-designed illumination are worth much effort. Most of us take eyesight for granted. The size of the demand for free spectacles under the National Health Scheme showed that we should not. The figures quoted of disability and blindness following injuries are more compelling. There is information here worth close attention by every employer, whether he is the head of a large steel mill or a small office.

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Set by Naomi Lewis

It is alleged that many eminent writers have at some period of their lives—though with varying success—written "copy" for advertisements. Prizes are offered for a 100-word piece (limit, 150 words) on any homely article of food or clothing or other household commodity, written by one of the following: Bacon, Pater, Melville, Ruskin, Whitman, Virginia Woolf, de Quincey, or Carlyle.

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Set by Arachne McLeod

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to submit the first stanza (limit ten lines) of a Lamentable Ode on Backing a Derby Loser.

Report by Arachne McLeod

"Probably not what is required, but from the heart," wrote Lawrence Fowler under his stanza; "Apart from Competition rules," explained H. K. McPherson, "this is really too sad to be continued." Seldom can a competition have plumbed such depths of feeling. And all genuine; I swear that no backer of Arctic Prince entered, weeping Crocodile tears. Indeed the heart ruled the head to such an extent that few competitors remembered what were the essentials of an Ode—which I take to be a certain deliberate formality of approach ("dignified or exalted in subject, feeling and style," O.E.D.) and a subtle variation of rhythm within the stanza pattern. No mechanical tum-te-tum. The right opening note was struck by Allan Laing's "Come wail with me, ye Voices of Despair," H. A. C. Evans's

> Shew cypress branches dark, the while I mourn
> The hour when Fate decreed for me, alack!
> A spavined hack.

Honourable mention for them, and for D. L. L. Clarke with his good line "I plunged—but so, alas! did she" and C. M. Walkerdine ("He could not stay—he did, but in the rear.") One and a half guineas each to J. P. Stevenson, R. J. P. Hewison and G. J. Blundell; a guinea to Pibwob and half a guinea to Graeme Wilson.

> Let every *hill* be sad, and let the *brookes*
> (Though strumpet Fortune may have blessed their books)
> Refrain from *smirke* and smile,
> Mourn the dead certs with me, and weep awhile.
> I sing no selling plater,
> No tale of uninstructed female hope,
> No rash reliance on an envelope
> Bought from a gentleman who vanished later:
> *I* studied form, and reckoned
> I just could not go wrong on Fraise du Bois the Second.

(NOTE—The italicized references are to West End turf accountants, and the jockey who rode Fraise du Bois II. A selling plater is a third-rate horse, fit only for "selling plate" races.)

J. P. STEVENSON

> I reared a palace in the clouds—such clouds
> As bank the horizon on a summer day—
> Rose-tinted, fountained, pleasant to behold.
> Within, serene with trees and gold,
> Were courts, that gave my spirit ease, air, light and play:
> Without, the fifty million's noise and crowds.
> But, as in those Hindoo cosmogonies
> (Earth rests on elephant, elephant likewise
> On tortoise) my cloud-world perforce
> Poised on the back of one fallacious horse.

R. J. P. HEWISON

> O steed that carried such reserves of cash
> But none of wind, could you not cut a dash?
> Need you have loitered so?
> Or, backed each way, have backed when urged to go?
> Winners are swift to leave the starting gate;
> They also run who only stand and wait.
> Oh, how much better if my betters had
> Informed me that to bet was mad and bad!
> Then had I followed on the Epsom course
> Nor evil courses, nor the losing horse.

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My heart aches, and unhappy numbness drowns
My sense to view thy rivals flashing past
The ruthless Rhadmanthus of the Downs,
Leaving thee at the post to finish last.
Thou wert not sired by Lightning, so what scope
Of irony misnamed thee Ariel,
Spawned as thou wert to twin with Caliban
And bear my Midas-hope
Upon thine easeful back, my sark as well,
For that sad requiem of the Alsoran?

PIBWOB

Apedal nag—but nag's too fine a term
For such a pseudopod's impediment,
And one which Nag, that truly legless worm,
Might in his lithe mobility resent—
How came you to this racer's course,
Dissembling, all too wooden, horse?
Who, quick in nothing save to hurt,
Faster than laundries lost my shirt
And had with Derby Day about as much success
As Mr. Frith: one could not well have less.

GRAEME WILSON

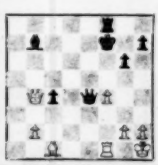
CHESS: Battle of Birmingham

No. 90

We mustn't forget the preliminary skirmishes of Cheltenham and Leamington; but it was at Birmingham where, looking in for rounds 10 and 11, I found the battle warming up for its exciting climax, with half a dozen stalwarts dead level and a mere half point behind the leaders. It happened to be Sir George Thomas' seventieth birthday and, first of all, due homage was paid to that truly admirable *doyen* of British Chess. Then the clocks were started, and soon the *kibitzer* found himself in the position of a *gourmet* being offered eight delicacies all at the same time. Moreover, one had but to walk up a flight of stairs to see a score of teen-agers locked in battle for the Junior World Championship. They have come from as far afield as Australia and the Argentine, Canada and Finland, Norway and Portugal, Iceland and Italy. Unbounded enthusiasm and much talent among them, but none greater than that of 17-year-old B. Ivkov, reputed to be almost as good as his four fellow-Jugoslavs in the big tournament. But then Matanovic is only a few years older; he may well be a giant-killer, but he needed all his skill to squeeze a draw out of Golombek's favourite Caro-Kann. A few yards away Alexander had to fight hard to equalise with Rossolimo, and at least as many hours were spent on analysis that night to confirm the result. Bogoljubov forgot all about the clock and from what seemed to be a beatific dream-world he suddenly woke to the grim reality of well over a dozen moves to be made within a minute or two. He tried hard, but just failed. (Or was it simply that young Unzicker had outplayed him?) More lasting (and more subtle) excitement was provided at the neighbouring board where the great Gligoric had to wage an uphill struggle against young Donner, the Dutchman. At the other end of the room R. G. Wade, the New Zealander, having used less than thirty minutes to reach this position spent well over an hour, after Broadbent (Black) had played (19) . . . P-B3. There followed

(20)	PxP	RxP
(21)	B-Q3	Kt-Q1
(22)	QR-K1	RxR ch
(23)	RxR	P-QB3
(24)	Q-B4	Q-Q3
(25)	Q-R4	Kt-B2
(26)	RxKt !	BxR
(27)	BxKt	BxKt
(28)	QxB	P-Kt5
(29)	B-K5	

and White won easily. Insisting on having for once been favoured by luck, Alexander showed me this position which, in an earlier round, he had reached against Scheltinga. The Dutchman (White) could have comfortably drawn with Q-Q2, but in time-trouble made the mistake of R-B3. Alexander seized his chance by (33) . . . . R-Q1 (34) B-K3, R-Q8 ch (35) B-Kt1, QxR ! !



A: E. D. Bogoljubov, 1951

B: F. J. Prokop, Prague, 1951

It would seem to be fitting for this week's competition to offer the two pieces dedicated by their authors to the Staunton Centenary Tournament, and specially composed for the purpose. **A** is a 3-mover which should be well worth 6 ladder-points. **B**—White to win—is a study by the noted Czech composer. I do not consider it overrated with 8 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by July 2.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 2

A: (1) B-Kt7, P-R5. (2) B-R8, P-R6. (3) K-K6, P-R7. (4) B-R1 etc.

B: (1) P-Kt6, Q-R1. (2) P queens, B-Q2 ch. (3) K-B6, BxQ. (4) B-R2 ch, K-Q2. (5) K-B7, K-Q1. (6) B-B7 ch, K-Q2. (7) B-K5, K-Q1. (8) B-B6 ch, K-Q2. (9) B-K7, Q-R2. (10) PxQ, K-B2. (11) B-Q6 ch, KxB. (12) PxKt (Q) ch, K-Q2. (13) Q-K5 and mates next move.

[If (1) . . . B-Q2 ch (2) K-B6, with mate or PxQ to follow]

C: (1) R-Kt5 ch, K-B3. (2) B-Q8, KxR. (3) P-R7, K-R3. (4) P queens ch, Q-R2. (5) B-Kt5 ch.

[If (1) . . . QxR (2) P-B4 ch, QxP (best). (3) B-B7 ch, K-B3. (4) BxQ, P-Kt4 ! (5) BxP ch, K-Kt3. (6) KxP, P-Kt4 (7) K-B6, P-K5. (8) K-Q5, P-Q6. (9) PxP, PxP. (10) B-Q2 ! etc.]

Quite a difficult trio; yet it drew so many correct solutions that I cannot mention them all; even more competitors dropped merely a point or two by missing some vital variation. Prizes shared by E. W. Beal, B. B. Daubeney, J. T. Naylor, D. Tonkin.

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Company Meetings

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

RECORD TURNOVER

Mr. J. ROGERS'S SPEECH

The twenty-fourth annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, was held on June 14th in London.

Mr. J. Rogers, O.B.E., the chairman, in the course of his speech, said:

For the first time in twenty years our Annual General Meeting is being held without Lord McGowan in the chair. The Board have paid tribute in their Annual Report to the outstanding services which Lord McGowan has rendered to our Company and to British Industry throughout a long and distinguished business career dating back to 1889 when he joined Nobel's Explosives Company Ltd., in Glasgow. Lord McGowan's resignation at the end of last year from the Board of the Company and from the office of Chairman is a sad loss to the Company and to his colleagues on the Board. I have been associated with him for over fifty years, and I cannot speak too highly of his personal qualities and leadership which have brought him to the front rank of industrial leaders throughout the world.

Tribute to Lord McGowan

When Lord McGowan succeeded to the Chairmanship on the death of the first Lord Melchett in December, 1930, industry was in the trough of one of the worst trade depressions in the history of this country, but under Lord McGowan's inspiring leadership and wise guidance the Company emerged safely, and when he laid down the burdens of office it must have been a source of great pride and pleasure to him to reflect that in 1950, after twenty years under his Chairmanship, the Company had achieved the highest turnover and profits in its history.

By the unanimous vote of my colleagues I was called upon to assume the duties of Chairman of the Board from the beginning of this year. With your support and sympathy, which you accorded in such full measure to Lord McGowan as Chairman, I shall endeavour to the best of my ability to discharge the onerous duties of that office, and I count myself as fortunate indeed in having such colleagues to assist me and in being able to rely on the devoted and skilful services of all those who work in the organisation.

You will notice that the turnover for 1950 was a record. Consolidated sales at £220,000,000 were more than 20 per cent. higher than those in 1949. Although part of the increase is due to increased prices, I am pleased to say that the greater part is attributable to an increase in the physical volume of our business. Exports were 25 per cent. more than in 1949, and were running at the rate of about £1,000,000 a week during 1950.

Capital Reserves

You will also have noticed that the revaluation of assets has resulted in a very big increase in the capital reserves shown in the Balance Sheet. These reserves at December 31st, 1950 amounted to £118,000,000 against £17,000,000 a year before. Since we are firmly convinced that realistic figures for assets should be matched by realistic figures for capital, it was the intention of your Directors to capitalise a substantial part of these reserves and to make an issue to stockholders of shares credited as fully paid which would have brought the figures for issued capital more into line with reality. An application was accordingly made to the Capital Issues Committee for the issue of such shares under a comprehensive scheme. We have been notified, however, that His Majesty's Treasury is not prepared to give consent to this comprehensive scheme. No reason was given for the refusal.

Our prospects for 1951 are bright but each year brings its own special problems and the role of prophet is a dangerous and thankless one. I will not assume it today. I can, however, say that the results for the first quarter of 1951 are encouraging. Turnover for that quarter was 20 per cent. higher than that in the corresponding quarter of 1950.

We are all in sympathy with any steps taken to prevent the avoidance by taxpayers of burdens placed fairly upon them, but the legal avoidance clauses contained in the Finance Bill go much beyond that. In their present form they appear to cover normal transactions entered into in the ordinary course of business and will seriously hamper the development of the overseas trade of the country. It is to be hoped that the method finally adopted for the prevention of tax evasion will not interfere so seriously with legitimate trading transactions.

The report was adopted.

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At the 82nd Annual General Meeting on 20th June, 1951, the Chairman said:

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★ New sums assured £4,486,790 (Ordinary Branch) . . . £4,545,800 (Industrial Branch).

★ The Directors have again been able to increase the rate of reversionary bonus in the Ordinary Branch . . . in the Industrial Branch the bonuses have been allocated on the same bases as last year.

★ Our holdings of British Government securities have increased by £722,000 . . . mortgages increased by £519,000 due to our house purchase scheme.

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offer services to and from nearly 70 countries

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

GENERAL Register Office. Medical Statistician. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men and women for a permanent post of Medical Statistician. Superannuation is at present under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. The inclusive salary scale (London) is £1,250 × £50—£1,500 × £75—£1,725. £40 being deducted from commencing salary for each year of age below 38 on appointment, and £50 added for each year above 38 up to age 40. This scale is at present under review by an independent Committee. Candidates must be registered medical practitioners, and have had statistical training, preferably with a university degree and a Diploma in Public Health, and wide experience in at least two of the follo ving: (i) resident hospital appointment; (ii) public health service; (iii) school medical service; (iv) pathology; (v) general practice; (vi) medical research; (vii) industrial medicine. It will be an advantage for candidates to have had statistical training more advanced than that of the D.P.H. course, and also experience in writing reports and commentaries. The successful candidate will have ample scope, under the general technical direction of the Chief Medical Statistician, for original work over the whole field of vital statistics. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4035/51. Completed application forms must be received by July 5, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the vacant post of Lecturer in Economics. Emoluments (for a married member of the staff normally resident outside Hong Kong or China, and inclusive of allowances): £1,400—£40—£1,640 p.a. Applicants should be Honours graduates of British Universities, and have appropriate qualifications and experience and should be prepared to take up the post by September, 1951. First-class sea passages and furnished houses or flats at reasonable rentals are provided for expatriate staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is July 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Lecturer in Statistics and Economics. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of Economics and Commerce. The appointment will be offered as Senior Lecturer or Lecturer Grade I, according to qualifications and experience. The present salary grades for men (including cost of living allowance as in May 1951) are as follows:—Senior Lecturers: £A1,047—£A1,147; Grade I: £A847—£A1,047. The corresponding grades for women are 10 per cent. less. A new grading is under consideration which may increase the salary for a Senior Lecturer to a maximum of about £A1,250 plus any future additions to the cost of living allowance. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is July 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College Medical School and Royal Victoria Infirmary. Department of Psychological Medicine. The Council of King's College invite applications for the post of Demonstrator in Applied Psychology. Applicants must be Associates of the British Psychological Society or have an honours degree in Psychology but those sitting their final degree examinations in 1951 may apply. The Demonstrator will work under the direction of the Professor of Psychological Medicine and the Lecturer in Applied Psychology in the Department of Psychological Medicine. The duties of the demonstrator will be mainly those of a clinical psychologist but will include lecturing to graduate and undergraduate students. Commencing salary £450 per annum. Twelve copies of application, together with the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be submitted not later than Sat., July 7, 1951, to the undersigned, from whom further partics. may be obtained. G. R. Hinson, Registrar of King's College.

NATIONAL Coal Board.—Applications are invited for a post in the Commercial Branch of the Legal Department at London Headquarters. The appointment, which is superannuable, will be at the grade of Senior Legal Assistant. The salary, depending on qualifications and experience, will be between £1,124 and £1,600 per annum, including a London Location Allowance. Applicants should be barristers or solicitors, of high ability and good qualifications, having some experience of general commercial law. Knowledge of patent law and experience in drafting major engineering contracts would be considered an advantage. Apply in writing, giving full particulars (in chronological order) of age, education, qualifications and experience (with dates), to National Coal Board, Establishments Personnel), Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, marking envelope TT 348. Original testimonials should Not be forwarded. Closing date July 6, 1951.

SCHOLARLY, capable young person required to train as assistant with London antiquarian booksellers. Small salary while training. Fluent German and typing essential. Male applicants must have completed military service. Students graduating this summer can apply Box 4330.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COLONIAL Office: Woman Assistant Educational Adviser. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable post of Woman Assistant Educational Adviser in the Colonial Office. Duties of the post comprise all questions affecting women's and girls' education in the Colonial Empire and include the liability to undertake extensive travelling in overseas Colonial Territories. Candidates must have experience both of teaching and of administrative work directly concerned with education in the United Kingdom. Personal acquaintance with Colonial education problems would be an important additional advantage. Salary £1,050—£1,350. Particulars and application form from Secy., Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4036/51; completed applic. forms must reach him not later than July 12, 1951.

JOINT Matriculation Board (Universities of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield and Birmingham). The Board proposes to appoint an Administrative Assistant at a commencing salary between £500 and £600 (with membership of the F.S.S.U. and children's allowance) according to qualifications and experience. Applicants should be University graduates and not more than 35 years of age. The person appointed will be required to perform administrative and general duties in the Board's office and will be on probation for three years. Applications, marked on the envelope "Administrative Assistant," should be submitted to the Secretary, Joint Matriculation Board, 315 Oxford Rd., Manchester 13, by July 1, 1951. No form of application is provided and testimonials or copies of testimonials are not to be sent; the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made must be included in the application, together with details of the applicant's age, qualifications and previous experience. The successful candidate will be required to take up the appointment on September 1, 1951. J. A. Petch, Secretary to the Board.

GLASGOW University Department of Extra-Mural Education.—Applications invited for post of full-time staff-tutor. Candidates should possess good academic qualifications in the Economics, Political Theory, International Relations group of subjects. Commencing salary from £500 to £775 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Children's allowance and F.S.S.U. Experience of adult education desirable. Appointment will date from October 1, 1951. Further particulars from Director of Extra-Mural Studies, 91 Oakfield Ave., Glasgow, W.2, to whom six copies of applic. should be sent, incl. names of three refs., by July 21.

BBC invites applications for post of Assistant in Charge, Schools Publications Editorial Section, with responsibility for preparation and layout of publications issued in connection with broadcasts to schools, including numerous illustrated termly Pupils' Pamphlets. Sound typographical experience, a knowledge of printing processes and the ability to lay out illustrated pamphlets in an informative and attractive manner are essential. Educational experience, preferably in connection with visual aids, would be an advantage. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1., marked "Assistant in Charge, Schools N. Nem." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose s.a. env.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Islington. Appointment of Senior Information Officer.—Applications are invited for the position of Senior Information Officer on the permanent staff of the Council at a salary in accordance with the Clerical Division, i.e., £445-£490 per annum for males, or £356-£392 per annum for females, plus London "Weighting" of £20 or £30 per annum according to age. Preference will be given to applicants who have had previous Local Government experience or who may have a good knowledge of the scope of Local Authorities' activities, and are qualified to deal with enquiries by the public arising out of day-to-day problems. The appointment will be subject to the National Joint Council Scheme of Conditions of Service, and to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, whether married or single, and giving full particulars of experience and positions held, accompanied by copies of two recent testimonials, should be forwarded so as to reach the undersigned by not later than July 2, 1951. Candidates are required to disclose in writing whether, to their knowledge, they are related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Canvassing, either directly or indirectly will be a disqualification. The Council are unable to make any arrangements for the provision of housing accommodation for the successful candidate. H. Dixon Clark, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Upper St., N.1.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant in the School of Social Studies to begin duties on October 1, 1951. Salary £350 a year, with superannuation provision under the F.S.S.U., and family allowance. Applications (four copies) including the names and addresses of three referees, and, if desired, copies of testimonials, should reach the undersigned (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than July 14, 1951. A. W. Chapman, Registrar.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Assistant House Mothers required for work in small Homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children, and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £263, 6s. 0d. per annum less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Applications are invited from women for the post of Employment Assistant at the Godalming and Haslemere Youth Employment Bureaux. Candidates should have good educational qualifications. A knowledge of administrative work and experience in commerce or industry are desirable but previous experience in a Youth Employment Bureau is not essential. Salary, £356 × £12 to £392 per annum. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained on receipt of a stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, and should be returned not later than July 7, 1951.

MULTIPLE Departmental Store Organisation of National Repute wishes to select a number of senior personnel, not exceeding 35 years of age, for accelerated development with a view to subsequent appointment to executive positions in its Retail Branches and with the future possibility, in certain instances, of appointment to its central organisation. Commencing salaries in the region of £750 per annum will be paid to men of proved ability and status. Successful candidates will be expected to accept assignments anywhere in the United Kingdom. Full details including age, education, experience, present occupation and salary, which will be treated in strict confidence, should be forwarded to Box No. M.D. 513, 10 Hertford Street, W.1.

THE Church Missionary Society's Overseas Bookshops in West Africa require a Buyer and other administrative staff. These Bookshops exist to develop the distribution of literature, and to supply the needs of African Churches and Schools. They offer a splendid opportunity for young men and women with knowledge of the bookselling and stationery trade, and who wish to devote their gifts and experience to the service of the Church in Africa. Candidates should be between 25 and 35 years of age. Salaries will be according to qualifications and experience. Apply, giving full particulars, to the Secretary, C.M.S. Overseas Bookshops Managing Committee, 6 Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4.

ATTRACTIVE vacancy exists for young man, preferably graduate B.Sc. (Econ). No previous industrial experience necessary but candidate must possess drive and adaptability. He would be trained to assist to works manager of modern factory, producing coated fabrics, in country district north of England. Position offers excellent opportunities and suitable reward. Box 4114.

QUALIFIED Experienced Teacher of elementary science, maths., music, etc., for children aged 13 to 16 required by small community school. Sept. Resid./non-resid. Payment based on Burnham Scale. Westhope Manor School, Craven Arms, Salop.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset (co-educational, boarding, with own farm), needs Science Master for Sept. Burnham scale. Gov. superannuation, no married quarters. Apply by letter to Principal.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oakhill Park, N.W.3, requires for September (1) a Kindergarten teacher (2) a teacher of Science (Mainly Biology) throughout the school. Applications in writing.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby (Co-educational, recognised by Ministry) requiries for September, resident staff: (a) Trained teacher of General Subjects, with strong Nature Study or Music, for 11-year-olds. (b) Matron, chief duty care of health. Single applicants or possibly married couple. New Burnham and Govt. Superannuation (1948) Scheme. Apply Kenneth C. Barnes.

NORWICH. King Edward VI School (Direct Grant). Required in September a master to teach general subjects and take charge of games in Lower School (ages 8-11). Burnham Scale.

BODENHAM Manor School for Maladjusted Children. There will shortly be a vacancy for a male student helper at this school. Student helpers are persons over who have not yet taken academic training for social work but intend to do so. 30s. a week plus emoluments. Details from W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Dinmore, Hereford.

BODENHAM Manor School for Maladjusted Children. A Matron will shortly be required to take charge under the House Mother of the domestic side of this school (30 children) excl. of the kitchen. £150/£10/£200 plus emoluments. Dets. from W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Dinmore, Hereford.

RESIDENT Club Leader for Junior Extension Work (boys & girls 10-15 yrs.), preferably woman about 30 with secretarial experience. Sal. £200 × £15 to £250 with residential emols. equal to £130. Applications with testimonials to Warden, W.U.S., 44 Nelson Square, S.E.1., by July 2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for post of General Programme Assistant at Newcastle. Duties include scripting and production of Talks and Features and contribution of spoken reports to news and actuality programmes. Travel within the Region will be necessary. Candidates must have good education and critical faculty in regard to literary style. They should have real interest in and preferably first-hand knowledge of the most Northern counties. Writing or radio experience would be an advantage. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), with five annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "General P.A., Newcastle, N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

RESIDENT warden required for East London hostel of International Work Camp movement, accommodating 30. Maintenance provided. Remuneration by arrangement. Application forms from Box 4246.

AMERICAN Jewish Relief Organisation reqs. exp. secretaries with high speeds in shorthand-typing, knowledge of French, for Directors of offices in Casablanca & Tunis. Box 4277.

SECRETARY for Art Gallery wanted. Good German, shorthand-typing English and German, secretarial experience. High standard of education and some literary ability indispensable. Box 4233.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires shorthand-typists with or without experience; hours 9.30 to 5.30, alternate Saturdays, three weeks' annual leave. Write: Gen. Sec., NUS, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

TWO Adult Pool Shorthand-Typists, either sex, required. Varied and interesting work in pleasant friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £6 12s. 6d. per week, rising to £7 12s. 6d. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Administrative Assistant, Transport and General Workers' Union, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

AMBITIOUS young gentleman wanted by leading importer to visit customers in Greater London area. Salary and commission. Good prospects to gain experience and build up future. Box 4118.

COOK & housemaid required for small Jewish children's home—12 children aged 5-12, suit mother and daughter, 2 sisters or 2 friends. Apply Matron, 46 Alexandra Road, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG widow, child 2 years, desires interesting work—anything considered. In school, Home or abroad. Two years nursing. Social Service. Box 3393.

EXPERT on Central Europe, intern. lawyer, Univ. degree, just returned after 6 years' high level service with Allied Commission for Austria, languages, admin. & business experience, lively interest in all cultural subjects, lit. abil., sks. work in any suitable field, incl. teaching. Box 4008.

YOUNG man in safe position would like more interesting work in connection with medicine, biology or agriculture. Public School. Box 4006.

HONS. Graduate (Ph.D.), adaptable young man, 24, single, first-class linguist (German/French), typist, reqs. progressive post; prepared to work hard and train; ex-instructor and asst. editor; excel. refs. Box 3947.

WANTED a happy home for a five-year-old girl. Mother willing to do housework. Salary required. Box 3894.

OXFORD undergraduate welcomes job, Aug. or Sept.; interested in journalism and literature. Box 3805.

GERMAN girl, good family, seeks job in English family (help household children, end July. Box 4474.

WIDOW of German Doctor, age 51, active, trustworthy, available for household, nursing or companion's duties in English household, pref. doctor/journalist. Wage rqd. and live-in. Sofie Zeigan, B.-Gladbach-Paffrath, Flachsberg 8 (22c) Bez. Köln.

ECONOMIST, aged 30, with experience in industry as financial adviser, assistant to managing director, personnel officer, etc., seeks permanent position where abilities can be fully used. Graduate in Economics—B.A. Cantab. with first-class honours, and Law—LLB., and with qualifications in Accountancy. Box 3586.

SECRETARY, shorthand/typist, with varied experience, seeks interesting post, where knowledge of medical and social work an advantage. Box 3587.

WOMEN graduates and educated girls will shortly complete their training and become available for employment as secretaries and shorthand-typists. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers, please write or 'phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

SCHOOLMASTER, active, retiring shortly, seeks part-time employment. Pref. near sea. Box 4166.

BURSARIES

SCHOOL of Economics, Dundee. Director of Studies—J. K. Eastham, B.Sc. Econ., F.S.S. Entrance Bursaries 1951-52. Entrance Bursaries up to the value of £100 per annum are offered to students intending to read for the London University Degree of B.Sc. (Economics) at the School of Economics, Dundee. The School offers to persons with the appropriate qualifications courses of instruction for the following degree and diplomas: External Degree of B.Sc. (Econ.), London. Post-Graduate Diploma of the School (for graduates in subjects other than Economics). Diploma in Commerce of the School. Full particulars may be had on application to the Secretary, 17 Bell Street, Dundee.

PERSONAL

FURNISHED offices to let. Bloomsbury. Approx. 200 sq. feet. Telephone (switchboard service if required). Rent (inc. light) £5 5s. p.w. Apply Box 4402.

BARRISTER. Cambs. Law Scholar and grad.; 5 yrs.' general practice; exptd. lecturer and public speaker; expert in property law; journalistic exp.* Leaving Bar to become solr. in autumn, free July-Oct., possibly longer, own car. Offers services legal, commercial, political/journalistic capacity, whole/part of week. Other suggestions gladly considered. Box 3606.

YOUNG Parisienne, teacher, wants to stay with English family, country/seaside, July/August, care of children in return board and lodging. Box 4200.

TWO seats vacant car going to Switzerland, South France. July 22. 'Phone Elstree 2501.

GRADUATE teqd., medical or science pref. but not essent., as part-time asst. (evgs./week-ends) medical work. Box 2632.

URGENTLY required by Labour Party Agent in highly marginal, scattered rural constituency, a car/van/utility, age and/or appearance no object, only requirement reasonable mechanical soundness. Maximum possible price £35. Box 3588.

TWO artists wish collaborate with artist/printer in greeting card publishing business between London/Letchworth. Box 3584.

DALMATIAN Coast. Hoping go end Aug. Away 17 days (12 several places Coast). About £40. Wish contact anr. man, 40-55, London/vicinity, travel-keen, economy necessity, interested history, architecture, who might join. Write fully Box 3646.

WORLD Cruise. One or two adventurous people wanted, either sex, help owner fit out and sail well-found yacht on 2-3 years' voyage. Provide own food, if possible share other expenses. Essentials: physical fitness, ability to rough it, sense of humour, decent education, infinite patience. Some sail experience preferred. Box 4145.

HOLIDAY in lovely Pembrokeshire. Yacht moored in quiet, pretty river, three minutes buses and shops. S.C. furnished flat, sleeps four, dining-room and kitchen, w/Calor gas. Ideal family or sharing. Write Marshall, The Quay, Haverfordwest.

WHITBY Moors for Holidays. Grove House, Levisham Station. To let furn. for July: 6 bedrooms; covered Steep; firewood; 4½gns. p.w. Wilkinson, 60 Marygate, Yorks.

JULY 7-21. Gypsy Caravan. Hants. Sea. N. Forest. Eqpd. 2. 4gns. p.w. Box 4397.

CÔTE d'Azur, to let in picturesque mountain village, sea view, charmingly furn. 2-rm. s.c. flatlet, mod., conf. Available beg. Oct. Rent £125 p.a. Box 3530.

LONDON flat to let during August, or exchange for holiday accommodation for couple. Box 3554.

YOUNG married woman with boy (2 yrs.) reqs. suitable accom., pref. sharing with similar lady/family. Willing exchange baby sitting. London area preferred. Box 3456.

PICARDY. Guests welcomed modernised country house, spacious grounds, only 5½ hrs. London. Farm produce. Free garage. £6 6s. Mme. Cloran, Château d'Austruy, Réty, P. de C., France.

HOLIDAYS: International author will take selected guests on his two-mile Mountain Lake estate near Dublin. Alpine setting, fishing, boating; lake beach, swimming, tennis, archery, shooting, pine forests, folk singing, etc. All modern conveniences. No food rationing. Interested in people. Nominal fee. Box 3371.

WE are known for our seaside house-parties for boys and girls, 8-15—this year at Felixstowe. Spacious college adjoining beach. Brochure: Junior Holidays (NS), 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

PEACE for Parents! Country home offered one or two children 5-10 yrs., Aug-Sept. Smith, Rotherhurst, Etchingham (346), Sussex.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d. Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

AUTUMN term. German mistress, Univ. degree, free Mon., Thurs., for Evening Institutes or day visiting. Box 4060.

YOUNG Arts graduate (m.) (London), mobile, ambitious, seeks situation July 9-Sept. 29. Anything moral. Box 4092.

PERSONAL—continued

SWISS mountain holiday. Small party, Aug. 31-Sept. 15. Only 27gns. London to London. Details: John Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

WE know that lovely little place you've been thinking about and can arrange a perfect Continental holiday for you. £27 incl. Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1.

PARIS Holiday Centre, 7 days all-inclusive from London £12. Biarritz, June 30 to July 12, £20 5s. Amsterdam, air return only, £6. I.U.S.Y., 21 Struttton Ground, S.W.1.

AT this late hour I can still arrange a simple inexpensive Tyrolean holiday for you starting July 21 or August. 15 days £25. Dr. Beer, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

FRANCE. Your children can combine holiday with language practice by staying with a reliable family as Paying Guests. Details: Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

DO You Write? Then apply to-day for Free Lesson and Plot Guide which will show you how to achieve success, also your copy of "Authorship" giving details of famous Courses by Beverley Nichols, Enid Blyton, John Brophy, etc. Your MS. criticised without fee or obligation. School of Authorship, Ltd. (JP88), 8 Duke St., London, W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kollerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, Socials, Plays, etc., 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

GERMAN, tuition, conversation, efficient lessons given by woman teacher. Tel. Park 4985. Schulz.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Russian experienced teacher. Tel. PAD 9610.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

REVISIONS, special help by experienced writer for new authors. Raymond Buston, 41 New St., Ross-on-Wye.

TRAINED Nurse offers hospitality and care for convalescence and to the aged. Lovely house. HAM. 2282.

CORSICA. The Anglo-French Camp de l'Horizon on Calvi Bay is now open. Return air trip (London/Calvi direct) and complete fortnight of sunshine, good food, perfect freedom, for £35 10s. Few vacancies remain for July, end of August, September. Apply at once to Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146, Fleet Street, E.C.4. City 7163/4.

HEALTH Clinic incorporating latest concepts of treatment. Tranquil atmosphere and beautiful surroundings. Accommodation limited to four patients to ensure personal attention. Resident Medical Superintendent with Osteopathic qualifications. Apply Matron, Morann House, Old Windsor, Berks.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co. Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

GRAPHOLOGY.—Your character from handwriting by qualified psychologist. Send s.a.e. to Box 3590.

REST for work & pleasure! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime in a delightful bijou Guest House will restore mental and physical poise and vigour to the tired personality. Brochure: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. Hastings 2832.

SUMMER holidays for boys and girls. Odam Hill School & Children's Farm welcomes guests aged 5-17. Riding. South Molton, Devon.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PARIS—with a difference. Specially planned, flexible programmes for individuals or small groups in company with cultured Parisians. Sleeping in a comfortable hotel, you can, if you wish, see Paris as an unusually privileged visitor under the aegis of Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

MOROCCO this summer. If you are young; if you want a holiday in a land where little has changed since the middle ages; if your imagination is stirred by names like Fez, Marrakech, the Atlas Mountains; if you don't mind living simply; if you can afford £45 for a three weeks' trip—then write for details of this unusual and exciting holiday to Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (V) Park Road, Baker Street, N.W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

THE Three Best Coach Tours of the Year! Still time to book. All Spain 21 days 75gns.; a conducted tour, luxury coaches, first-class hotels and meals, sightseeing, shows, bull fights, etc., included. Or—Spain and Portugal 20 days 75gns; or—all Italy 18 days 75gns. Several good seats vacant for dates in July, August and September. Also many other good inexpensive tours in Europe. Illustrated brochures free: Bridge Travel Company, Ltd. (N.S.), 59 Crawford St., W.1. (Amb. 4434/5.)

SEE Spain. Mr. Newman, the manager of See Spain, Ltd., has recently returned from a tour of Spain and is happy to announce that he has secured additional good accommodation for British holidaymakers. We are now able to offer 15-day holidays in Palma de Mallorca and Costa Brava from £30 (fully inclusive). There are also a few vacancies for Luxury Coach Tours departing London on Sept. 9 and Oct. 7, and visiting Irun, San Sebastian, Burgos, Madrid, Escurial, Granada, Malaga, Seville, Cordoba, etc. Inclusive price London back to London 65gns. Full details from Dept. N.S., See Spain, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

INTERESTING holidays: you are not too late to join one of our small parties to Austria, French Riviera, Lake Lugano, our international house parties near Windsor and Oxford, or Festival river cruise on June 30. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

A LAST-minute Continental holiday, not organised for the masses, but individually for you! 10 days in France—£15 16s.; Italy —£23 10s.; Switzerland—£30 1s. 6d. More expensive holidays also arranged in any country. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 4114/5.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls, aged 6½-18, July 31 to August 30, 1951. Staff experienced in camping and trekking. A holiday and a real experience. Apply: A. R. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

P.S.—Sometimes it is more blessed to travel than to arrive but Harold Ingham arranges blessed arrivals too.

P.P.S.—A blessed example is 21 days Venice and Lake Garda for 34gns. For this and others write to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. Phone Harrow 1040.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING—12 hr. Service. All typing efficiently completed. Mod. fees. Court Secretarial Service, 178 Kensington High Street, W.8. WES. 0781-2.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. 5230 and FRE. 8640.

DUPLICATING / Typg. Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

TYPING: MSS./general. Miss Ross, 14 Beechcroft Court, N.W.11. MEA. 1333.

ALL kinds of typewriting work. Accurate. Moderate charges. Henry Srowhurst, 3 Laurel Bank, Storrington, Sussex.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABB. 3772.) First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

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LADY requires permanent it/expensive s.c. furnished studio flat where possible to use own piano. London. Box 4301.

INDIAN student sks. furn. flatlet nr. Victoria mod. rent. Box 3631.

RADIO Actress and writer husband urgently need unfurn. flat London, or country accom. easy reach London. Diana Maddox, c/o B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1.

DETACHED hse. wanted Highgate/Hampstead Gdn. Suburb. 4/5 beds., garage & gd. gdn. Up to £8,000. Dale, 44 Osterley Court, Gt. West Rd., Isleworth. HOU. 6308.

WANTED 3-bedroom furnished house within 25 miles Oxford Aug./Sept. to April. Box 4238.

MISCELLANEOUS

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 7 p.m. 13 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 8933.

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QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

SCHOOLS

FORTIS Green School, 68 Fortis Green, East Finchley, N.2. Day and weekly boarding co-educ. school 2-12 yrs. Individual methods combined with class teaching; 1½-acre gdn. Recog. by Min. of Ed. Pupils sit for secondary schools common entrance exam. A few vacancies Sept., 1951. TUD. 1266.

KENSINGTON. Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 9 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Fla. 0489.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B. Sc.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls 4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqs., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Bursaries are available for boys and girls aged 10 or under, for the Autumn term 1951. For particulars apply to the Principal.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Parliamentary Debates: 1906, Vol. 152-195, Lords, 1938; Schopenhauer; German Linguaphone, perfect condition, complete, almost unused, offers. Norwegian Linguaphone, as new, £8; Several beautiful Persian rugs and runners, very low prices; H.M.V. 2102 Record Player, £7; Typewriter, standard 4-bank; Bechstein Grand 7ft. No. 48329, excellent condition, 225gns. or near offer, view Oxford.

Wanted: Cambridge M.A. Hood; Good Radiogram; Good second-hand portable Typewriter, London; Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Eve. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. M.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. Shaw Festival. Prog. 3. Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Cradle Will Rock," play with music. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. only.

MERCURY. Par. 5700. Festival Season. Intimate Opera. Evgs. 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until June 24: Astaire & Rogers, "Top Hat" (U). From June 25, Olivier & Leigh, "Lady Hamilton" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., June 24, 7.30. "Ignace" (A) (French).

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. New Soviet film, "Life of Lenin." Tues., June 26, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. B.S.F.S.

LONDON Choral Society. Conductor: John Tobin. Saturday, June 30, at 5 p.m. Handel's "Messiah" in its entirety, with the original accompaniments. Nina Legros, Irene Baker, Alfred Deller, William Herbert, Scott Joynt, John Dykes Bower (Organ Continuo), Geraint Jones (Harpsichord Continuo). The Tobin Chamber Orchestra. St. Marylebone Parish Church, N.W.1 (By kind permission of the Rector). Admission by programme: 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., from Chappell's, 50 New Bond St. (MAYfair 7600) and Alfred Hays, 26 Old Bond St. (REGent 4040) and 74 Cornhill (AVEnue 3060).

CECILIAN Singers (Gow, Watts, Vanderpump, Griffith-Jones). Laurence West, harpsichord. Music of 16th-18th centuries. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket, Fri. next at 8. 5s., 3s., at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Choveaux.

FOLK Dances of the British Isles: Three performances at the Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. June 21, 22, 23. Dancers from Scotland, Ireland and all parts of England. Singers from Wales. Guest Team from Yugoslavia. Tickets: 2s. to 15s. from R.A.H. (KEN. 8212), and usual agencies.

MIDSUMMER Dance in lantern-lit garden. Swing Serenaders. Members' bar. Sat., June 23, 8-11.30. Tickets 3s. 6d. for members and friends from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

FESTIVAL of Britain River Cruise with private party, June 30. Details, Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

A SPORTSMEN'S Dance is to be held by the Riding Circle at the Wishing Well Club, 71 Thayer St., W.1 (off Wigmore St.), Sun., June 24, 7.30-11.30. Lic. bar, buffet and lounge. Artiste: Marguerite Caros. Adm.: Members 5s. 6d.; Guests 8s. 6d. All visitors will be welcome.

W.M.A. Fes. Garden Party, June 30, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, at 2.30 p.m. Artists include: Martin Lawrence, Leonard Cassini, Ethel Lyon, Hilda Cotton (Balalika). Exhibn.: Artists for Peace. Internatl. Arts & Handicrafts Stall. 7.30: Brilliant Hungarian musical: "Song of a Happy Life."

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints: The whole range on show at 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner Lincoln's Inn Fields), every day 9.0-6.0 & Sat. mornings.

DISPLAY of Czechoslovak Products, at Lidice House, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Open from Sat., June 16, till July 1. Open daily from 12 noon to 9 p.m. Sundays 2.30 to 9 p.m. All welcome. Admission free.

TEMPERA Paintings by William Blake, an exhibition arranged in conjunction with The William Blake Trust. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 21. Mon., Wed., Fri. Sat. 10-6., Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., Old Bond St., W.1. Sickert—Forty of his finest paintings. Dly. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

SICKERT Exhibition. South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. 10-6, Sats. 10-5. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Recent Paintings by Graham Sutherland. Week-days 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Paintings and Drawings by Johanan Simon (of Israel) and Chenoch Lieberman. Daily (except Sat.) 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until July 4.

SIXTY Paintings for '51. An Arts Council Exhibition of Contemporary Works specially painted for the Festival. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Open till July 31. Week-days 10-5, inc. Sats. Adm. 1s.

MATTHEW Smith. New Paintings and earlier works; 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1; Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

SOUTH Bank Past and Present. 2,000 years on Thames-side. County Hall adj. Festival. 10-8 ex. Sun. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

TRADITIONAL Art from the Colonies. Colonial Office Festival Exhibition, Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Week-days 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Until September 30. Admission free.

LEICESTER Galls., Leic. Sq. The Augustus Daniel Collection of Modern British Art. Also new pictures by Norah McGuinness. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Last week.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BRITISH Painting 1925-50 (Second Anthology). New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. An Arts Council Exhibition. Open till July 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Adm. 1s.

ROYAL Hospital, Chelsea. Important exhibition of Chelsea China. Daily, 11-7, Suns. 2.30-5. Adm. 1s. Illus. catalogue 2s.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

EXHIBITION of new books and periodicals in German at Bonnington Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1, from Sat. June 23 to July 5. Open daily from 11-7; Sundays 2-6. Adm. free. Arr. by the Library of the German Language. Admin. 4b Belsize Grove, N.W.3. Tel.: PRI. 6083. Catalogue post-free 2s. 6d.

PAUL Alexander, 190 Ken. Church St., W.8. Paintings by James Dring. June 1-30.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

MICHAEL O'Connell, "Decor in Dyes." Designs for new British and Foreign architectural settings. Irving Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Until June 30.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

TWENTY Brook Street. "Modern Masters," Cezanne, Degas, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

TOULOUSE-Lautrec: Paintings and Drawings at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, until June 30.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters: Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Renoir, etc. Dly., 10-5. Sat., 10-12.

NEW Paintings of London by Piero Sansalvadore. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Until July 6, 10-5. Sat. 10-1. In aid of The Save the Children Fund.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Gericault to Renoir. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LOUIS Le Brocquy, Recent Oils & Tapestries. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1.

SELECTED Paintings by Nick Nicholls at The Archer Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Till June 30. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., except Sundays.

VIEWS of London, from 1800 to 1950. At the Arcade Gallery, 15 Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond Street.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Horses in Art.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOCIALISM and Rearmament. Conference, Saturday, June 23, at 2.15 p.m. Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Speakers: The Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P., Dr. Stephen Taylor. Tickets 1s. 6d. Apply, Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SOCIALISM and Rearmament—2nd Conference "Arms and Foreign Policy." Sat., July 14 at 2.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Speks.: John Freeman, M.P., and Denis Healey. 1s. 6d., Tea 1s. Appl.: Conference Sec., Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SOCIETY for Education in Art, 29 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. The first Marion Richardson Memorial Lecture: "Art and the School" will be given by E. M. O'R. Dickey, Esq., H.M.I., on Fri., June 29, 5.30 p.m. at The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. The Arts Council Exhibition of work by pupils of Marion Richardson will be on view from 4 p.m. on June 29 & 9.30 a.m.-12 noon on June 30.

BRITAIN-China Friendship Assocn. Report of First British Delegation to China: Jack Kane, Dr. Rapoport, Esther Henrotte, George Goodrich, Pancras Town Hall, Tuesday, June 26, 7.30. Admission 6d.

KENSINGTON Fabian Society: Discussion Meeting, Mon., June 25 at 8 p.m. at The Abingdon Arms, Abingdon Road, W.8. Mr. S. F. Gould on "The Cost of Living."

DR. PERCY Young on Music and Letters During the Romantic Revival. Sat., June 23 at 3 p.m. W. W. Robson on Problems of the Teacher of English, Tues., June 26 at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Theatre, Victoria & Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

SOCY. for Sex Educn. & Guidance. Alec Craig: "Sex Education Abroad." Wed., June 27, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

TSHEKEDI Khama presents his case. St. Marylebone Fabian Society Dinner-Meeting, June 27 at 7 p.m. Classic Restaurant, Baker St. Adm. 5s. non-members (reservations CUN. 6546).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

G. D. H. COLE on "Socialist Philosophies and Present Problems," Hampstead Town Hall, July 3, 8 p.m., in aid of Harold Laski Memorial Fund. 1s. Hamp. L.P.

INST. of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186. June 28th: Debate on the Euston Road School. Chair Eric Newton. June 29th: Lecture Recital by Christopher Whelen on Arnold Bax.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 30 at 6 p.m. Signor Sambon: "Vedi Napoli e poi mori."

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 11 a.m., June 24, Denison House Hall, near Victoria Station. P.P.U. Religion Commission.

"COLOUR Bar"—as Monica Whately sees it. Sponsored by Caribbean Labour Congress L.B. Natl. Trade Union Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., Leics. Sq. Sun. 24th, 3.30.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga and the Mind. Caxton Hall, S.W. Tuesdays 1 p.m. June 26: Liberation of the Mind. July 3: Release of Inner Tension. July 10: Relaxation and the conservation of energy.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

SINDH Sufi Society: Sufi philosophy, & music by Aziz Balouch, Thursday, June 28, 7.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St., S.W.1. All welcome.

PERSONALIST Group. Psychology Lecture: "How Personality Grows." Speaker: James Hemming, Conway Hall, 7.30. Thurs., June 28.

TO Organisations: Hear an eye-witness account of life in the Soviet Union from a member of the British Workers' Delegation May, 1951. Applics. to Sec., British Workers' Delegation, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Picasso." Illus. lect. by Dr. Henry M. Roland. Chair: Dr. Richard Gainsborough. Wed. June 27 at 8. Non-mems. 1s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 24: S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Private Life of John Stuart Mill." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcomed.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. June 24: Special Meeting—The United Lodge of Theosophists.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The American View of Britain." At the Ethical Church, 4a, Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sunday, June 24, at 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. June 28: "The Relation of the Soul to God." All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

NEWBATTLE Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian. A Residential College for Adult Education. Warden: Edwin Muir, LL.D., Ph.D., D. es L. Courses are offered in the following subjects: English Language and Literature, British and European History, Economic Theory and History, Trade Unionism, Philosophy, Political Theory, Psychology. Fees: £125 per session, £90 for two terms, £50 for one term. Next session begins Oct. 8. For further details and information re. L.E.A. Scholarships apply to the Warden.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools: Glyn House, Broadstairs. August 11-18. "The Principles of Socialism." Director: G. D. H. Cole. August 18-25, Foreign Policy. Director: John Hare, M.P. Frensham Heights, Farnham Surrey. August 18-25, "New Paths in Labour Thinking." Director: John Parker, M.P. Enquiries, applications: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

PENDLEY Manor. Pendley Summer School of Music. From Friday, August 10, until Sunday, August 19. "An Approach to 20th Century Music." A course for singers, pianists, orchestral players, music lovers. To increase understanding of contemporary trends in violation to tradition. Performance of works by Holst, Warlock, Vaughan Williams. Conductor and Music Adviser: Arnold Goldsbrough. Lecturers include Eric Bimrose, Scott Goddard, William Mann, Leslie Russell, Lionel Salter, Matyas Seiber, Ralph Wood. In lovely Chiltern countryside. Fees: 8 *guineas* inclusive. Apply to the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring 2302.

"MUST We Take Sides?" All who seek better ways of dealing with conflict are invited to Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, Aug. 15-29. Besides lectures and discussion, there will be experiments in painting, music, dance, and drama. Fortnight £10 10s.; one week £5 10s. Programme from Secretary.

FESTIVAL of Britain Arrangements: You can be sure of a stimulating holiday in the company of interesting visitors from abroad if you join one of our Festival of Britain House Parties near London and Oxford, or in Somerset by the sea; language tuition, bathing, tennis, visits to Festival Centres and Exhibitions. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. Ken. 0911.

INNSBRUCK University International Summer School at Mayrhofen in the Tyrol. Magnificent scenery, swimming, tennis, climbing and local tours. Dancing, concerts and good company. Inclusive cost 23 days, London to London, 32 *guineas*. Apply to: Innsbruck University Summer Courses, 143 New Bond St., London, W.1. Mayfair 0942.

ALPBACH European Forum. The Austrian College Society seventh International Summer Seminar in the Tyrol, August 17 to September 8, 32 *guineas* inclusive. Apply to Alpbach European Forum, 143 New Bond St., London, W.1. Telephone Harrow 1040.

SEE Spain, Ltd., offer special Spanish Language & Educational Course in Madrid. July 1 to 30 and Aug. 1 to 30. Fully incl. London back to London. £57 per person. Full details on request to: See Spain, Ltd., Dept. 78, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

SAILING School & camping hol. during Aug. in Devon. Canoes, dinghies, 4- & 9-tonners. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth.

DRAMA Schools, Christchurch Studio Theatre, London, N.W.1. August (2 weeks). Day or Eve. Classes. Rehearsals. Lectures. Staff includes Eileen Thorndike, Marian Naylor, Peter Bucknell. Prospectus: Mrs. D. Sanson, 6 The Keir, Westside, S.W.19.

SUMMER Courses in France and Italy. Cannes, 30 days, 18 guineas (special reduction for University students). Venice and Lake Garda, 21 days, 34 guineas inclusive. Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. HARrow 1040.

BRITTANY Painting Group. Six weeks from July 9. 5*gns*. p.w. Write Smyth, 8A Heath Drive, N.W.3. Beginners welcome.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.